

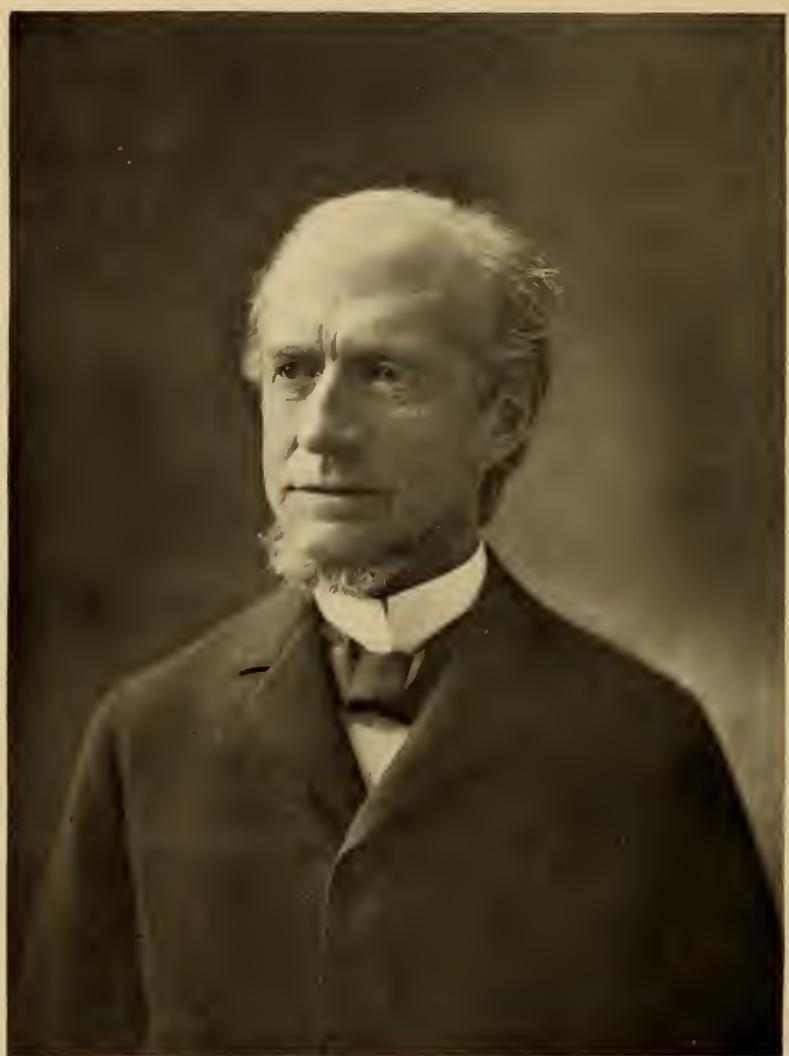
Smith College
Class Book
1903.



Mary Radde Allison.

June 1903.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three
DEDICATES THIS BOOK
IN HONOR AND LOVE
To President L. Clarke Seelye



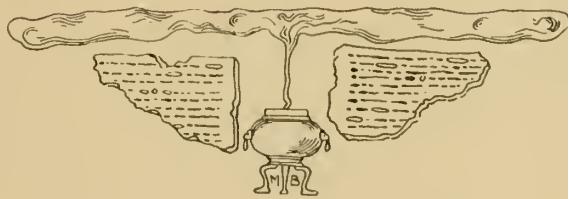
P R E S I D E N T L. C L A R K E S E E L Y E

The Book of the Class of Nineteen Hundred & Three Smith College

NORTHAMPTON: MASSACHUSETTS

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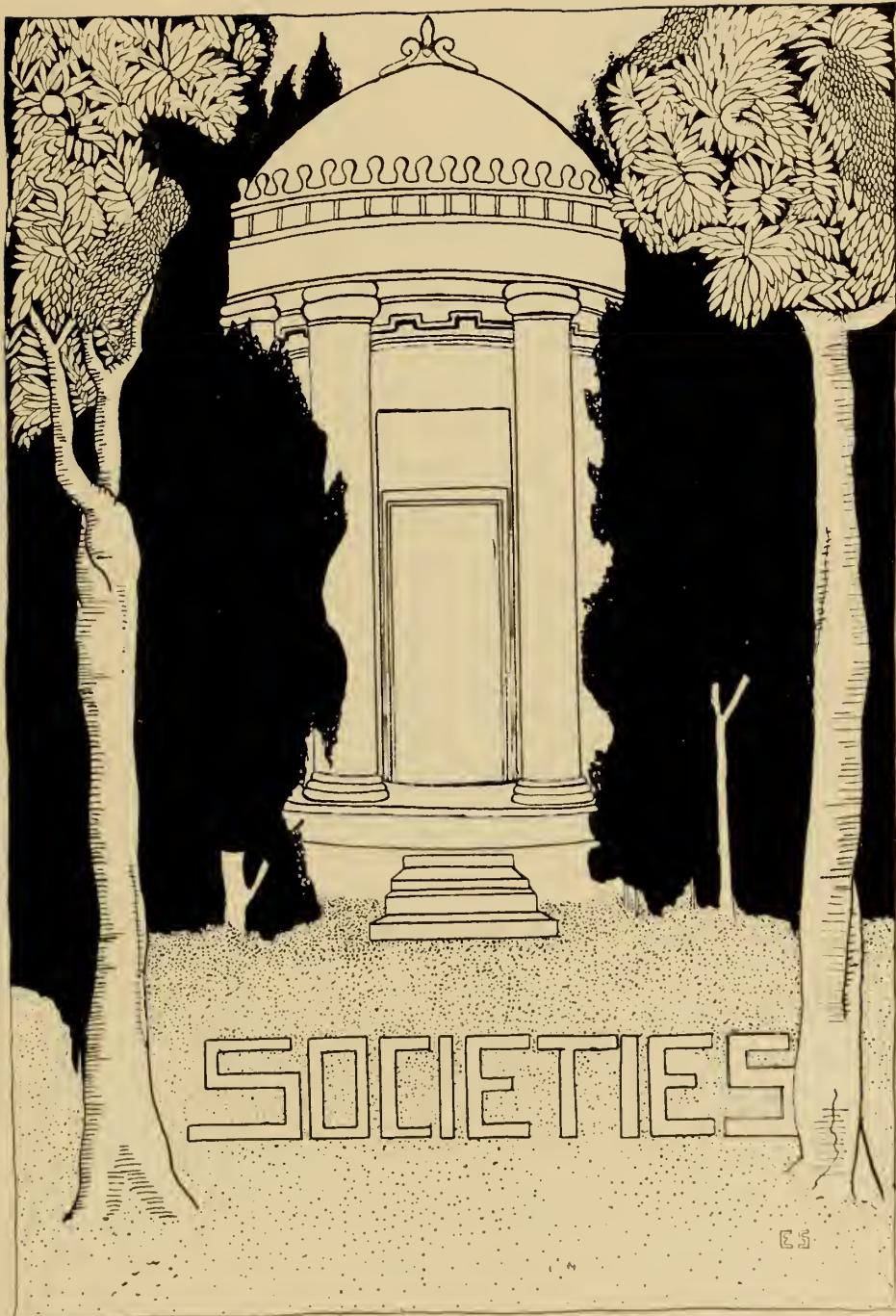
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<i>Secretary</i>	GERTRUDE RONANA BEECHER
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<i>Historian</i>	ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

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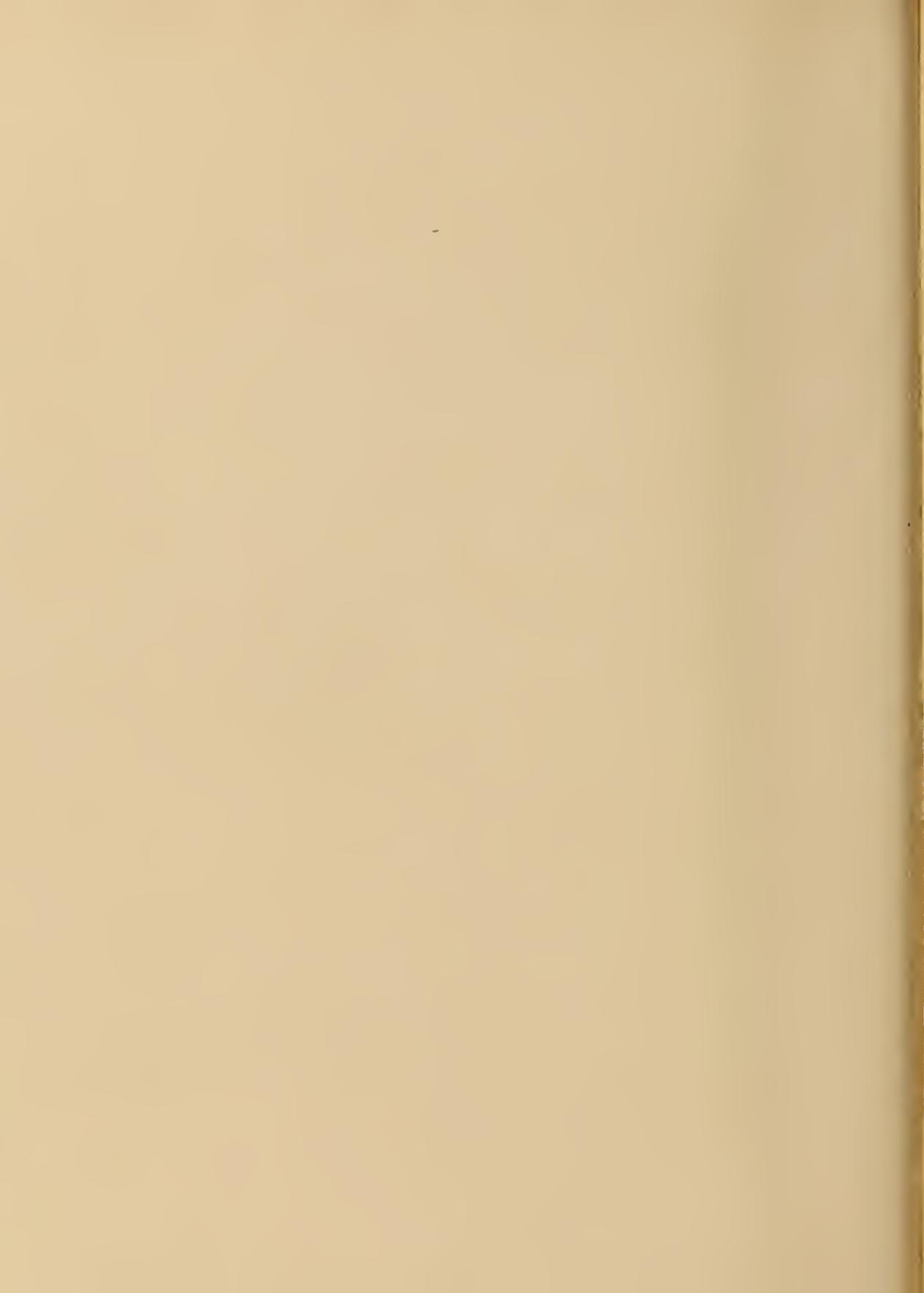
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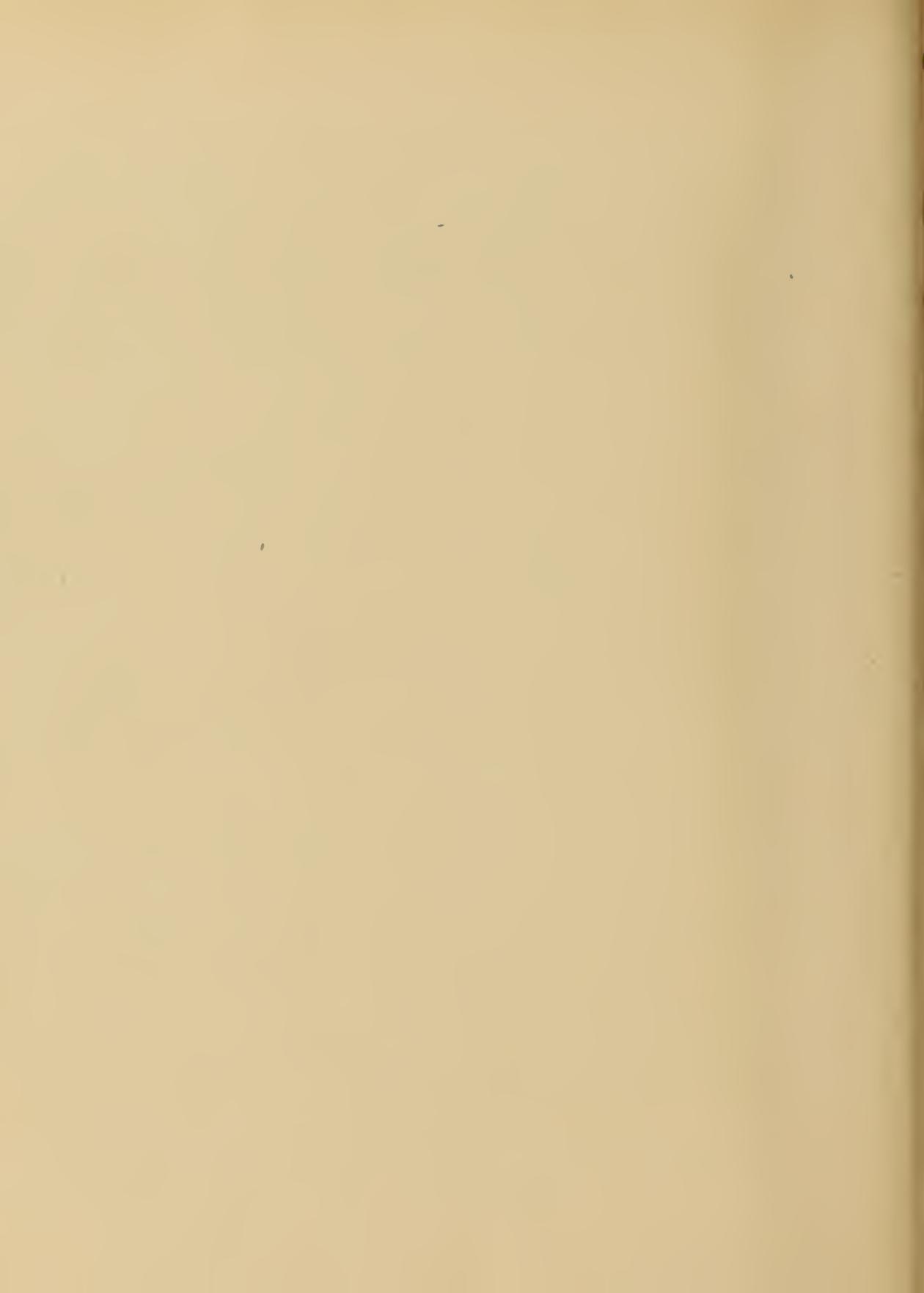
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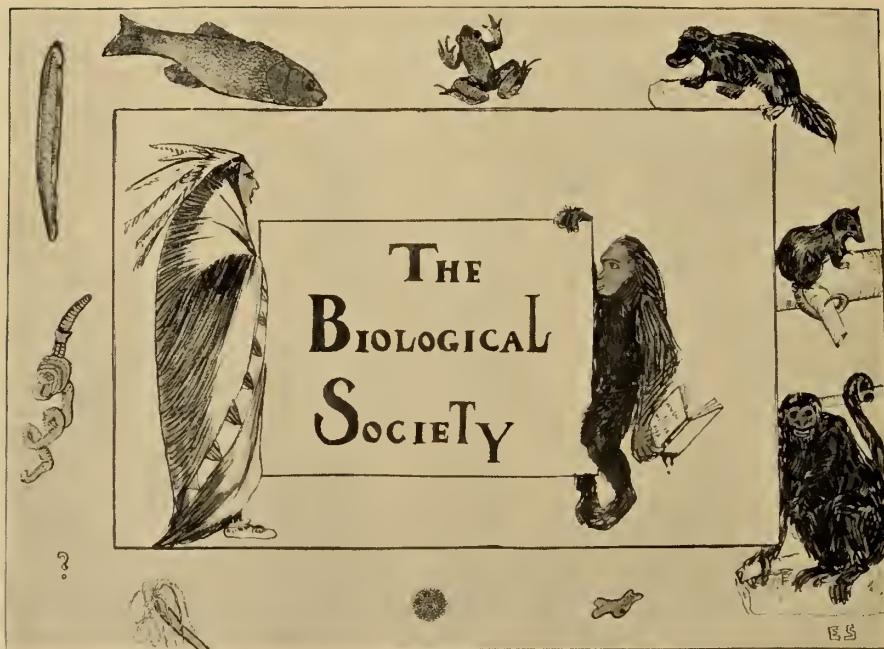
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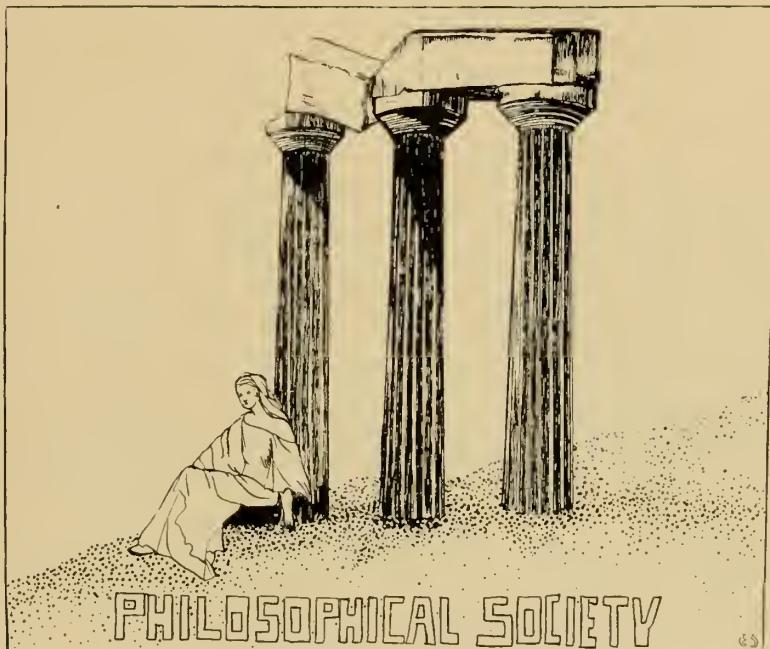
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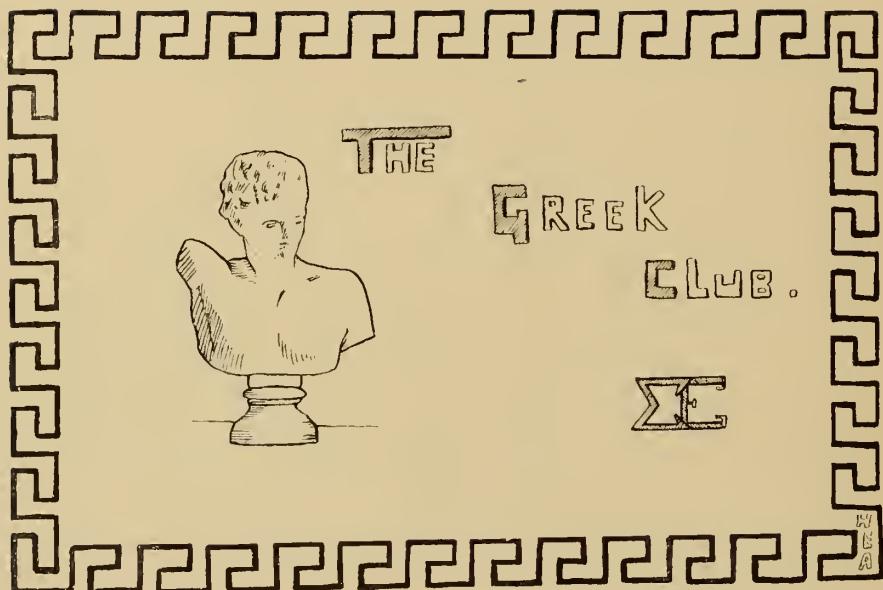
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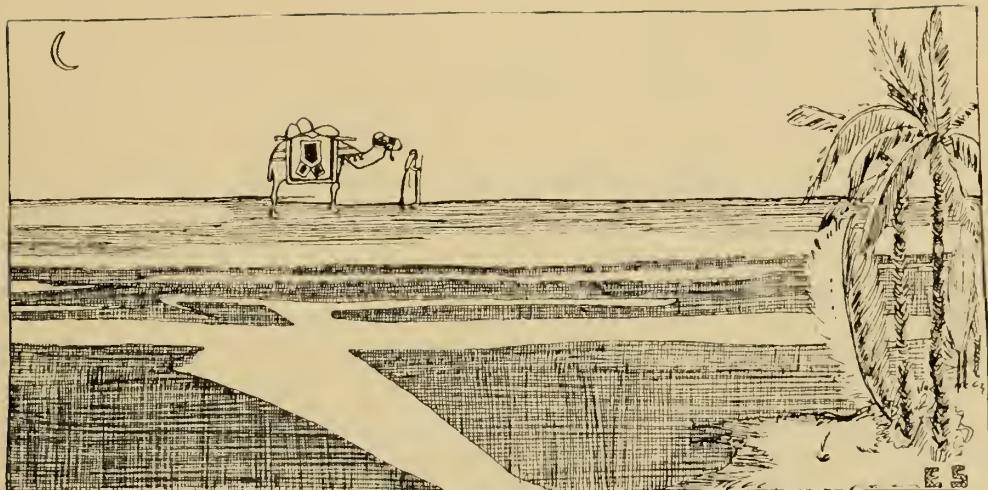
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MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS

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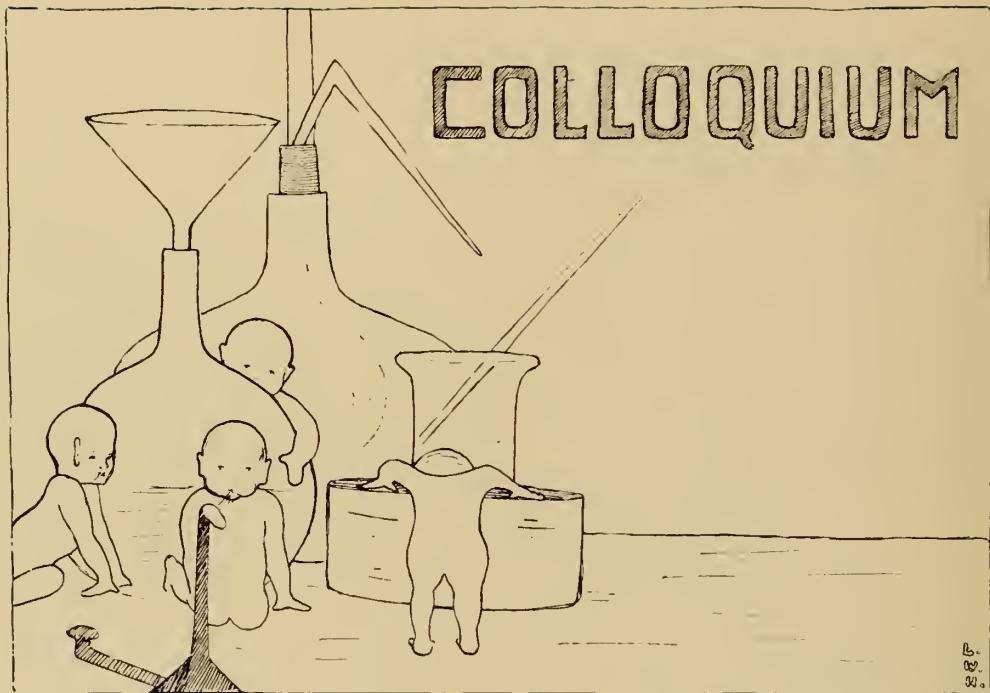
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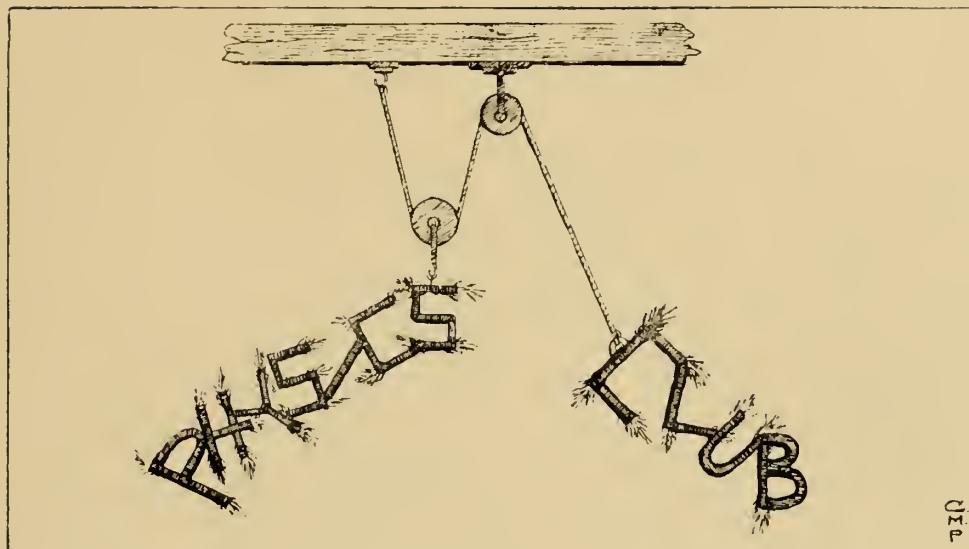


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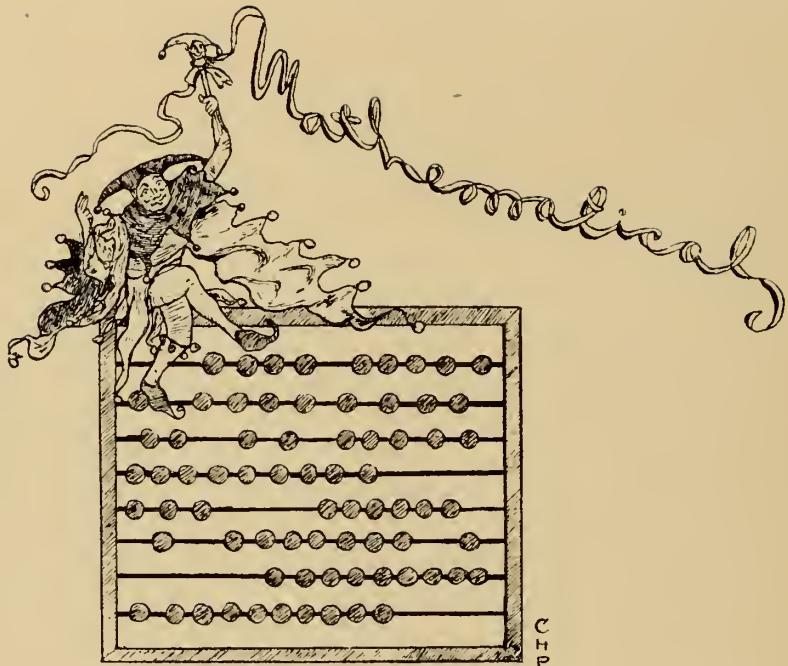
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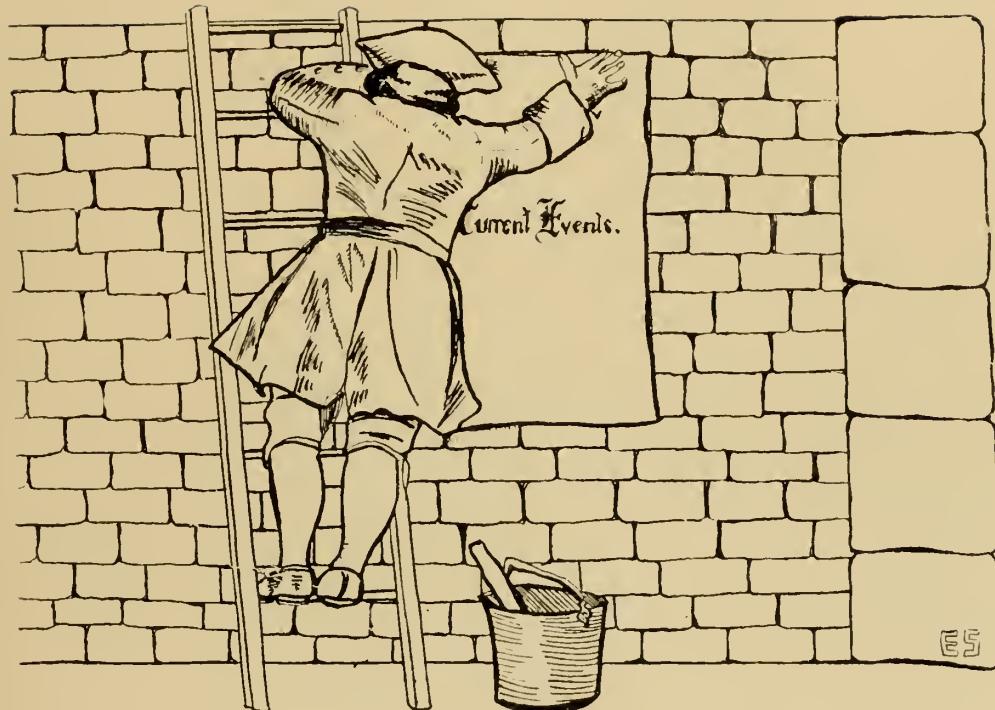


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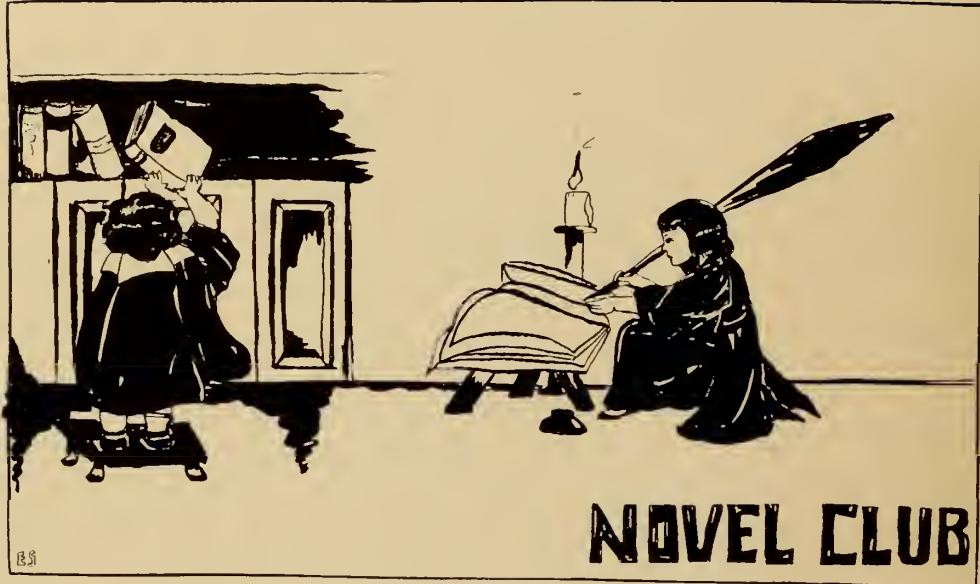
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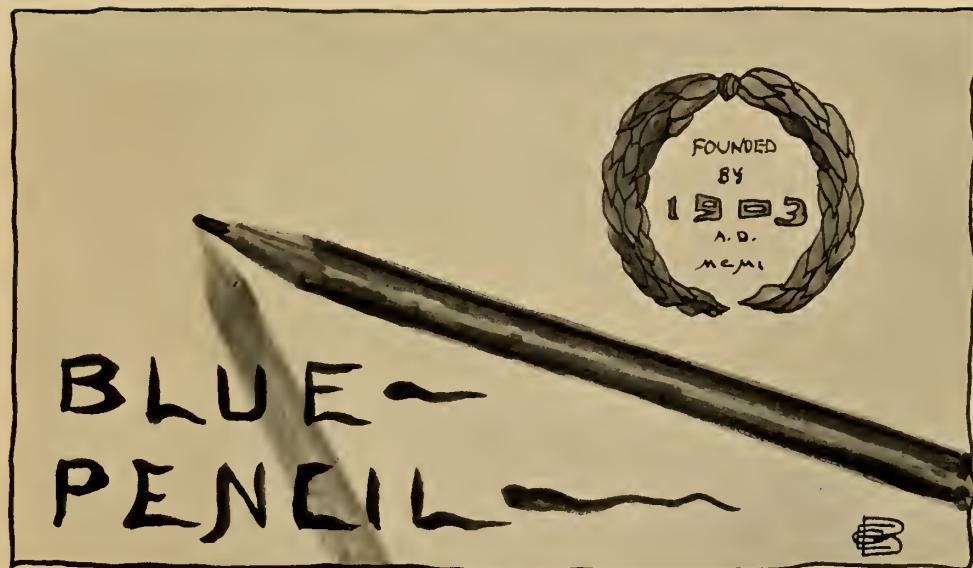
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M A R J O R I E G R A Y

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B L A N C H I E G U Y H A R D Y

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E L I Z A B E T H W H I T T I E R T O R R E Y

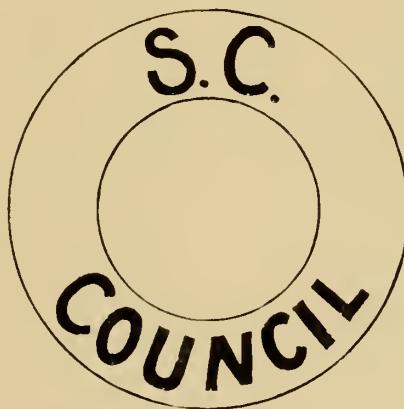
H E L E N F A I R B A N K S H I L L

F L O R E N C E L O U I S E T U L L O C K

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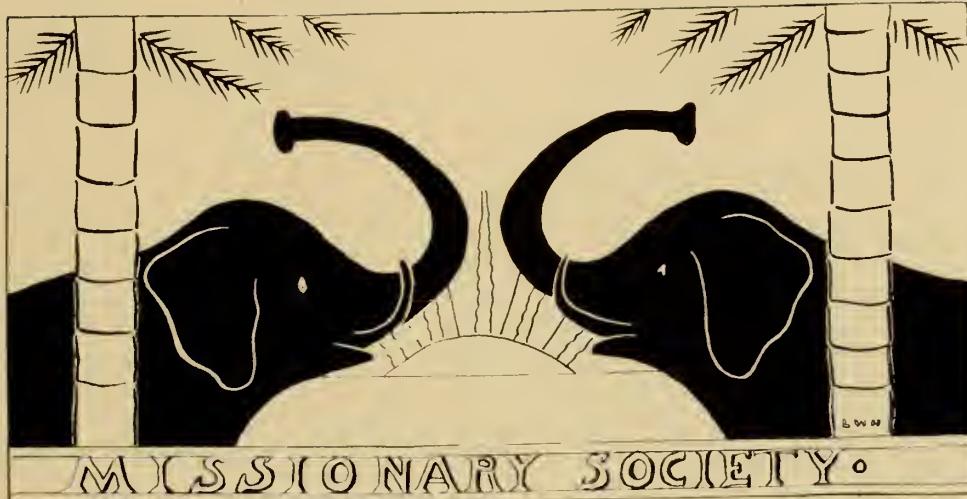
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A
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K



Freshman Basketball Team

Captain. JESSIE AMES

Homes

GERTRUDE BEECHER
FANNIE CLEMENT
PERSIS PARKER

Guards

JESSIE AMES
ANNA KITCHEL
LAURA POST

Centers

RUTH STEVENS
MARION EVANS

MABEL BENEDICT
KATE TINDALL

1901 Coaches

MARY LEWIS

HELEN KITCHEL

1902 vs. 1903

Saturday, March 31, 1900

Score 19-10



Sophomore Basketball Team

Captain, JESSIE AMES

Homes

GERTRUDE BEECHER

FANNIE CLEMENT

PERSIS PARKER

Guards

JESSIE AMES

ANNA KITCHEL

MARION EVANS

Centers

MABEL BENEDICT

JESSIE CARTER

KATE TINDALL

1903 vs. 1904

Saturday March 23 1901

Score 31-8

E AND FA



Officers from 1903

*

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Representative

JESSIE AMES

Sophomore Year

Secretary

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Treasurer

SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY

Representative

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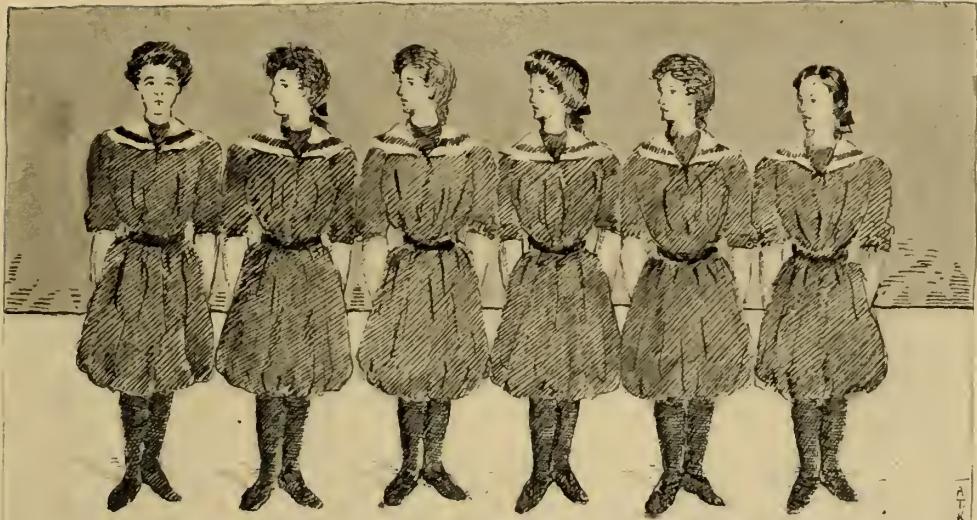
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Chairman Boat Committee ANNA KITCHEL

Senior Year

Second Vice-President GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER

Representative JESSIE AMES



THE COMPETITIVE DRILL

1900—Captains

JAFFRAY SMITH, 1900
MARGERY FERRISS, 1902

ELLEN EMERSON, 1901
JESSIE AMES, 1903

Points for the Flag. Class Work.

1900, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1901, 16.49 1902, 13 1903, 16.51

Points for the Cup. Class and Individual Work.

1900, 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1901, 41 1902, 51

1901—Captains

ELLEN EMERSON, 1901
JESSIE AMES, 1903

MARGERY FERRISS, 1902
EMMA DILL, 1904

Points for the Flag. Class Work.

1901, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1902, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ 1903, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ 1904, 16 $\frac{17}{16}$

Points for the Cup. Class and Individual Work.

1901, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1902, 28 $\frac{3}{8}$ 1903, 59 $\frac{4}{5}$

1902—Captains

MARGERY FERRISS, 1902
EMMA DILL, 1904

FANNY CLEMENT, 1903
EDNA CAPEN, 1905

Points for the Flag. Class Work.

1902, 15 $\frac{13}{16}$ 1903, 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1904, 16 $\frac{1}{8}$ 1905, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$

Points for the Cup. Class and Individual Work.

1902, 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1903, 43 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1904, 52 $\frac{1}{2}$

1903—Captains

FANNY CLEMENT, 1903
FLORENCE NESMITH, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905
ELSIE ELLIOTT, 1906

Points for the Flag. Class Work.

1903, 17 1904, 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1905, 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ 1906, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$

Points for the Cup. Class and Individual Work.

1903, 37 1904, 43 $\frac{5}{8}$ 1905, 47 $\frac{3}{4}$

GOLF.



1903 Golf Team

1899

FANNY HASTINGS
SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY

LUCY WEBB HASTINGS
ALICE EMILY LEAVENS

1900

FANNY HASTINGS
GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR
ALICE EMILY LEAVENS

1901

FANNY HASTINGS
ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

EVELYN TRULL
ELIZABETH HOWARD WESTWOOD

1902

FANNY HASTINGS
GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER

MARION EVANS
ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

TENNIS.



Championships

1900

<i>Singles</i>	AGNES PATTON, 1901
<i>Doubles</i>	{ AGNES PATTON, MARION ALDRICH, } 1901

1901

<i>Singles</i>	MARION ALDRICH, 1902
<i>Doubles</i>	{ MARION ALDRICH, KATHARINE HOLMES, } 1902

1902

<i>Singles</i>	MARION ALDRICH, 1902
----------------	----------------------



MUSICAL
CLUBS

RUG.



Glee Club

Leader, RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS, 1903
Manager, FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON, 1903
Treasurer, ANNIE MAY WRIGHT, 1904

First Sopranos

EVA MAY BECKER, 1903	CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE, 1905
ROMA BLANCHE CARPENTER, 1903	KATHARINE DE LA VERGNE, 1905
JENNIE FRANCES McCARROLL, 1903	Alice VENELIA HATCH, 1903
JULIE EDNA CAPEN, 1905	Louise THORNTON, 1905

Second Sopranos

Alice BUTTERFIELD, 1903	PEARL SMITH SANBORN, 1903
FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON, 1903	MARY LOIS HOLLISTER, 1905
MARION EVANS, 1903	ANNIE MARION KING, 1905

First Altos

MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS, 1904	ANNIE MAY WRIGHT, 1904
MABEL McKEIGHAN, 1904	JENNIE PEERS, 1905
Alice BERRY WRIGHT, 1904	LORA WRIGHT, 1905

Second Altos

BERTHA MAY MACOMBER, 1903	MARION LAZELL CLAPP, 1904
RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS, 1903	MARY PEABODY COLBURN, 1904
ISABEL CALDWELL WIGHT, 1903	RUTH TRACY BIGELOW, 1905



Mandolin Club

Leader, MARGARITA SAFFORD, 1903
Manager, EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER, 1904

First Mandolins

FANNIE RESOR STEWART, 1903	Alice Morgan Wright, 1904
EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER, 1904	Ruth Robinson Blodgett, 1905
ELIZABETH WASHBURN MASON, 1904	BERTHA PHELPS BROOKS, 1905
MARGARET BEAUVOIS MENDEL, 1904	HELEN CLARISSA GROSS, 1905
MARION RICE PROUTY, 1904	

Second Mandolins

GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER, 1903	MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK, 1904
SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY, 1903	KATHRYN LOUISE IRWIN, 1905
ELIZABETH FINLEY BARNARD, 1904	HELEN BRADFORD PRATT, 1905

Guitars

JESSIE AMES, 1903	CLARA JULIA LYNCH, 1903
ANNA CHARLOTTE HOLDEN, 1903	ELIZABETH CATHERINE STILES, 1903
SARAH THORNDIKE KENISTON, 1903	NATALIE STANTON, 1904

Violins

MARGARITA SAFFORD, 1903	BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON, 1904
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Cello

METTA JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY, 1904	
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Banjo Club

Leader, ALMA ETHEL REED, 1903
Manager, HARRIET SUMNER CLARK, 1903

Banjeurines

VIRGINIA BARTLE, 1903	EMILIE CREIGHTON, 1904
HARRIET SUMNER CLARK, 1903	UNA MARIE WINCHESTER, 1904
ALMA ETHEL REED, 1903	ELIZABETH FREEMAN, 1905
GERTRUDE ELIZABETH DOUGLAS, 1904	

Second Banjos

MARY ETHEL BATES, 1903	HELEN CHASE MARBLE, 1904
ELLA JOSEPHINE SCOVILLE, 1903	Alice ROBSON, 1904
FLORENCE EMILIE LOVETT, 1904	

First Mandolins

Louise FREEMAN, 1903	MARGARET WATSON, 1904
FLORENCE HOMER SNOW, 1904	

Second Mandolins

RUBY EDNA HENDRICK, 1904	LOUISE DODGE, 1905
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Guitars

MARION HILL McCLENCH, 1903	CATHLEEN ALBERTA SHERMAN, 1904
STELLA EMILY PACKARD, 1903	KATHERINE COLE NOYES, 1905
ELIZABETH ABBOTT PARKER, 1904	JENNIE PEERS, 1905

Chapel Choir

*

Leader, ALICE BUTTERFIELD

JESSIE AMES
EVA MAY BECKER
ALICE BUTTERFIELD
HELEN CREELMAN
INEZ FIELD DAMON
FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON
MARJORIE GRAY
SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY
ALICE THERESA LYMAN, ex-1903
BERTHA MAY MACOMBER
ELEANOR CHESTER PUTNAM
MARY FRENCH SHERMAN, ex-1903
MARIE LOUISE WEEDEN
ISABEL CALDWELL WIGHT

Committees



Sophomore Decorating Committee for the Junior Promenade

*

JESSIE AMES	SARAH THORNDIKE KENISTON
RUTH STEPHENS BAKER	SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY
ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR	FLORENCE MEACHEM KENYON
CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN	ANNA THERESA KITCHEL
GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER	BESSIE ADELE KNIGHT
MABEL IRENE BENEDICT	CHARLOTTE LOUISE KREINHEDER
CLARA LOUISE BRADFORD	BLANCHE LAURIAT
LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE	Alice Emily LEAVENS
HARRIET IRENE BROWN	CLARA JULIA LYNCH
MARGARET LOUISE BUCHWALTER	HELEN FLORA McAfee
JESSIE STUART CARTER	NETTIE McDougall
HARRIET SUMNER CLARK	ADA ISABEL NORTON
FANNIE FLETCHER CLEMENT	Alice PAGE
ESTHER CONANT	CARLOTTA PARKER
MABEL ELEANOR DICK	LUCY PERSIS PARKER
FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON	LAURA POST
MARION EVANS	ISABEL POLAND RANKIN
KLARA ELISABETH FRANK	FLORENCE EMILY ROSS
MARGARET FRENCH	MARGARITA SAFFORD
GRACE GILBERT	RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS
REBECCA JANET GILFILLAN	FANNIE RESOR STEWART
MARY ELIZABETH A. GILPIN	ELIZABETH CATHERINE STILES
FANNY HASTINGS	HELEN LOUISE STOUT
LUCY WEBB HASTINGS	ELIZABETH STRONG
ANNA CHARLOTTE HOLDEN	MARIE LOUISE WEEDEN

Junior - Senior Entertainment Committees



Entertainment

Chairman, SARAH THORDIKE KENISTON

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE
GRACE HOWE LEGATE

ERNESTA MARION STEVENS
ALTA ZENS

Refreshments

Chairman, MARGARET WILLIAMS THACHER
ELLA WARREN

ELIZABETH ANTOINETTE IRWIN

Souvenirs

Chairman, ANNA THERESA KITCHEL
BERTHA PRESTON TRULL
EVA AUGUSTA PORTER

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

CLARA HOLMES PHILLIPS
GRACE GILBERT

Invitations

Chairman, LILIAN ELIEL LAUFERTY
ALICE ARABELLA BLANCHARD
BESSIE BOIES
MARION ALLEN MACK

RENA PAULINE MOORE

HELEN WILLIAMS DAVISON
JESSIE DOANE
FRANCES MARGARET PURTILL

Music

Chairman, FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON
MARION HILL McCLENCH

ROMA BLANCHE CARPENTER

ALMA ETHEL REED



The Junior Promenade

MAY 14, 1902

Committees

General Chairman, FANNY HASTINGS

Programs

Chairman, ALICE WILLARD WARNER

CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN	EDNA OWSLEY
CLARA JULIA LYNCH	GLADYS FRANKSFORD ALDRICH

Music

Chairman, ANNA TEFFT BOGUE

JANE FRANCES McCARROLL	EVA MAY BECKER
	ALICE BUTTERFIELD

Invitations

Chairman, FANNIE RESOR STEWART

MARGUERITE ADELAIDE FABENS	LAURA POST
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Floor

Chairman, MARIE LOUISE WEEDEN

SARA LOUISE GESNER	EDITH NAOMI HILL
EDLA SPERRY STEELE	ALICE GROSVENOR FESSENDEN
	MABEL EMMA GRIFFITH

Refreshments

Chairman, MAIE BERNADETTE BYRNE

MARY WHITING HICKOK	MARIA CURTIS BAILEY
	FRANCES TEMPLE LAWRENCE

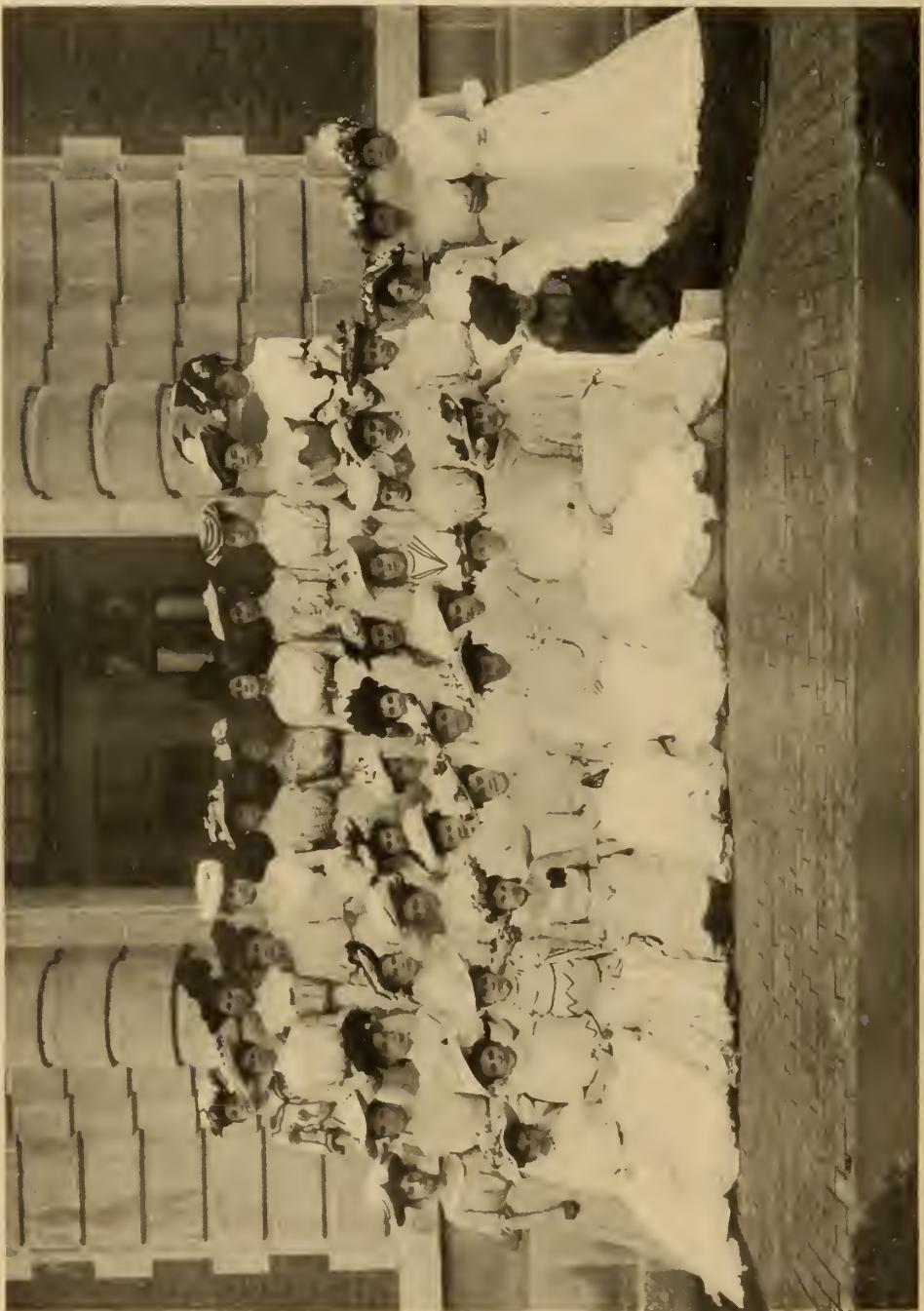
Ushers

ANNA CHARLOTTE HOLDEN

EDITH LOUISE WYMAN	NETTIE McDougall
MARIE ROBERTA LOCKHART	MARIA CURTIS BAILEY
HELEN ELIZABETH BROADHEAD	MARY ANN LARABIE
MAUD MELINA SKINNER	KLARA ELISABETH FRANK
BEATRICE PUTNAM	CLARA JULIA LYNCH
CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN	Alice Willard Warner

Patronesses

MRS. SEELYE	MRS. BERRY
MRS. BARTLE	MISS JORDAN
MRS. BLANCHARD	MISS CZARNOMSKA
MRS. FLETCHER	MISS BERENSON
MRS. WILLIAMS	DOCTOR BREWSTER
MRS. O'NEILL	MISS EASTMAN



Junior Ushers

JESSIE AMES	BESSIE ADELE KNIGHT
RUTH STEPHENS BAKER	BLANCHE LAURIAT
ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR	MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEON
GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER	ALICE PAGE
CLARA LOUISE BRADFORD	HELEN MARGUERITE PRESCOTT
MARGARET LOUISE BUCHWALTER	ISABEL POLAND RANKIN
MARY DOROTHEA BURNHAM	MARGARITA SAFFORD
RODERICKA CANFIELD	LOIS MITCHELL SHATTUCK
HELEN RICHMOND CARTER	LOUISE MORRILL SHATTUCK
FANNIE FLETCHER CLEMENT	ALICE MAY SMITH
THERESA JEAN COCHRANE	RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS
MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON	ELIZABETH CATHERINE STILES
ANNIE THAXTER EATON	EDITH DE CHARNY SUFFREN
MARION EVANS	KATE TINDALL
REBECCA JANET GILFILLAN	MABEL CYNTHIA WILSON
GRACE PIERPONT FULLER	LAURA BROWN WOODBURY
GRACE GORDON	ALTA ZENS
ISABEL HOOKER GRIER	ELIZABETH STRONG
FANNY HASTINGS	LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE
LUCY WEBB HASTINGS	ADA ISABEL NORTON
ETHEL HUTCHINSON	LULA WALDO
SARAH THORNDIKE KENISTON	EMMA HAWLEY STERLING
SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY	Alice ARABELLA BLANCHARD
ROSE ADELE KINSMAN	FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON
ANNA THERESA KITCHEL	CARLOTTA PARKER
	VIRGINIA BARTLE



Preliminary Dramatics Committee

*

Chairman, MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEON

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE

LUCY WEBB HASTINGS

ADA ISABEL NORTON

ALTA ZENS





Senior Dramatics Committee

<i>General Chairman</i>	FANNY HASTINGS
<i>Advisory Member</i>	ESTHER CONANT
<i>Chairman Committee on Costumes</i>	REBECCA JANET GILFILLAN
<i>Chairman Committee on Music</i>	FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON
<i>Business Manager</i>	GRACE PIERPONT FULLER
<i>Stage Manager</i>	ADA ISABEL NORTON

Sub-Committees

Costumes

ANNA THERESA KITCHEL
EDITH DE CHARNY SUFFREN

HELEN MARGUERITE PRESCOTT
ETHEL HUTCHINSON

Music

RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS

MARGARITA SAFFORD

Assistant Business Manager ELLA WARREN

Assistants to Stage Manager

LUCY WEBB HASTINGS ALICE GROSSENVOR FESSENDEN

Senior Committees

Senior Pins

Chairman, GRACE HOWE LEGATE
 ELIZABETH JACK EDITH LOUISE WYMAN

Class Book

Chairman, ANNA THERESA KITCHEL
 ELIZABETH STRONG RUTH STEPHENS BAKER
 BERTHA LOUISE JOHNSON MABEL CYNTHIA WILSON

Photographs

Chairman, ISABEL POLAND RANKIN
 RODERICKA CANFIELD MARCIA CURTIS BAILEY
 CLARA HOLMES PHILLIPS

Rally Songs

Chairman, RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS
 ALICE BUTTERFIELD JANE FRANCES McCARROLL

Ivy Song

Chairman, RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS
 KLARA ELISABETH FRANK ANNA TEFFT BOGUE
 ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

Campus

Chairman, LAURA POST
 CHARLOTTE LOUISE KREINHEDER GRACE GORDON
 HARRIET SUMNER CLARK

Order in Marching

Chairman, FANNIE RESOR STEWART
 MARY ISABEL CURTIS EDNA OWSLEY
 HELEN FAIRBANKS HILL BLANCHE LAURIAT
 HELEN HAMILTON HATCH

Presents*Chairman, Nettie McDougall*

CLARA McDOWELL

MARIE OLLER

ALICE ARABELLA BLANCHARD

Printing*Chairman, Gertrude Roxana Beecher*

SARAH THORNDIKE KENISTON

ALICE PAGE

CARLOTTA PARKER

GEORGIA ELIZABETH LYON

Commencement Orator*Chairman, Annie Thaxter Eaton*

CLARA JULIA LYNCH

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK

Class Supper*Chairman, Annie Dyer Tuttle*

MARIE LOUISE WEEDEN

GRACE GILBERT

SUSAN LELAND HILL

ALICE MAY SMITH

THEL HUTCHINSON

Ivy Day Exercises*Chairman, Bessie Adele Knight*

ROSE ADELE KINSMAN

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

ADA ISABEL NORTON

MARGARET LOUISE BUCHWALTER



Senior Week



SENIOR DRAMATICS — THE CAST





"Love's Labour's Lost"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 7.30 P. M.

Thursday, June 18, Dress Rehearsal; Friday, June 19, Saturday, June 20

Cast

FERDINAND, King of Navarre	HELEN CREAMAN
BIRON	ALTA ZENS
LONGAVILLE } Lords attending on the King	CLARA HOLMES PHILLIPS
DUMAIN	SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY
BOVET }	PEARL SMITH SANBORN
MERCADET }	BLANCHE LAURIAT
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard	CAROLINE VAN HOOR BEAN
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate	GEORGIE LOUISE FIELD
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster	MARGARET COOPER COOK
DULL, a constable	EVA MAY BECKER
COSTARD, a clown	MARION EVANS
MOTH, page to Armado	MARGARITA SAFFORD
A FORESTER	RINA MAUDE GREENE
PRINCESS OF FRANCE	MARGARET LOUISE BUCHWALTER
ROSALINE	JESSIE AMES
MARIA }	ANNIE JONES ELLIS
KATHERINE	ANNIE THAXTER EATON
JAQUENETTA, a country wench	BESSIE BOIES
FIRST LORD	GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER

Baccalaureate Sunday

JUNE 21



Senior Class Prayer-Meeting

Music Hall 9.30 A.M.

Leader, ALICE WILLARD WARNER

Baccalaureate Exercises

First Congregational Church 4.00 P.M.

Sermon by President L. CLARKE SEELEYE

Vesper Service

Assembly Hall 7.00 P.M.





Ivy Day

MONDAY, JUNE 22

Chapel Services	9.00 A.M.
Ivy Exercises	10.00 A.M.
Society Reunions	4.00-6.00 P.M.
Art Reception	4.00-6.00 P.M.
Promenade Concert	7.00 P.M.
President's Reception	8.00-10.00 P.M.

Ivy Song

Summer and sun on the glad old earth,
 Sing for the ivy green—
Come, join in our melody, join in our mirth,
 Sing for the ivy green—
We'er sealing our loyalty here today,
With hearts that are true and voices gay,
For Alma Mater we'll love alway:
 Sing for the ivy green!

Break we the sod with loyal will,
 Sing for the ivy green—
And the love that our hearts must cherish still,
 Sing for the ivy green—
Out from the whispering leaves shall shine,
Alma Mater, to pledge us thine;
So a song we'll sing for the ivy vine,
 Sing for the ivy green!

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

Ivy Oration

IN the playing of a game or the directing of an enterprise the essential requirement for any degree of perfection is a keen sense of proportion. When in the game, we ask ourselves, shall we put forth our greatest strength, or what points in our enterprise demand the most careful forethought and attention? And so it is with our life, call it work or play—we shall come to our highest perfection only as we look upon it in the truest possible perspective.

Yet this principle is one very little recognized in proportion to its importance;—one which we are constantly violating by erroneous habits of thought and by the careless use of words and phrases which call erroneous ideas into being.

Such a phrase is "College Life," used not only by those intimately connected with collegiate institutions, but employed by everybody, everywhere when speaking of college. This phrase most likely grew out of the effort to give expression to the difference between the activities and relationships in a college community and those existing in the communities in which we ordinarily live. If this were the only importance of this phrase, we might censure it as an unfortunate necessity and let it pass. But the scope of its influence does not end here. From conveying the idea of difference, it has come to convey the idea of a great and disproportionate importance. And it is this idea that we would stigmatize as erroneous, because it distorts the perspective of life by exalting four short years to a co-ordinate value.

What life is, in its physical sense, is one of the unsolved problems of the universe. But if we look at it in the broad and every-day use of the term, embracing experience and conduct, we shall see that it is marked by certain characteristics, the most noteworthy of which is its continuity. From the first to the seventh age of man it is a continuous performance. Outside of the miraculous instances mentioned in the Bible, there is no historical record where, for one individual, life has ever stopped and begun again. Indeed, in the belief of most men today, it never stopped. Perhaps it never even had a beginning. Experiences may come and go, leaving their record behind them, but that power on which they fall, which absorbs them, moulds them and reproduces them in action, is not strengthened or impaired by their passage. It defies time and change and all the forces of nature, even death itself.

Life, the active side of life, is also complex. Vast and varied are the interwoven experiences which are its food, crossed and re-crossed the aims and purposes which may be called its nerves, many-sided and multiform the conduct which is its expression. Our life is not like a soldier in a huge battalion of marching men, rubbing only against those whose faces are set in the same direction as his, who march to the same time with steps of the same length;—it is like an individual on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, jostled by people of every sort and condition, going in every direction at every imaginable rate of speed.

And out of this complexity arises growth. As each new experience comes into a life, that life changes, it grows, it expands and becomes more capable of accepting and dealing with the next. The disappointments of childhood have little influence upon one's life, because that life is not capable of appropriating the whole of them or of turning them to account; but the disappointments of after years have a wonderful power to deepen and strengthen and enlarge.

And what is it that continues, that receives and assimilates these experiences, that is capable of culture and growth? It is the hidden core of life, its very power and heart; that which consisteth not in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth; that which is more than meat and raiment; the possession of which outweighs in value the possession of the whole world. It is a power independent of all experiences, which yet can assimilate them, can appropriate them to itself, and can be moulded by them. It is that into which flow all the forces of the past and from which flows the directive force of the present and future. Individuality is a part of it. Character is a part of it. But what it is itself, in nature and essence, will still remain like itself a hidden mystery.

Such, then, are a few of the attributes which, coupled with the word "College", is used to designate the major portion of these four years. And "College",—What is "College"?

You will notice that, with reference to the individual, college covers nine months out of each of four successive years. College, then, is not continuous. I know you will object that, although college does not actually cover the other three months of each year, still its influence extends over the whole. Of course that is so to some extent; but so does the influence of home and many another relationship extend over the nine months of actual college residence. Only such influences are more subtle and therefore less apparent to the eye. The immediate influences engendered by college conditions stop abruptly at the end of each college year. And when, at the beginning of the next they again

come into play, these conditions have undergone an artificial change which, though slight, is not the result of a gradual growth. And in between such stages a different set of influences has been at work.

Moreover, constant connection with many of these influences is kept up to a greater or less degree all through the college years, and they form generally the deepest influences those years can bring. Home ties, with their anxieties, joys and sorrows, strike far deeper into the roots of life than does the election to a society or the worry of an examination. The influence too of our former years is upon us. The individuality they have stamped, the character they have helped to form,—all this determines the attitude we will take to the conditions that college presents. And the coming years as well, the situations in which they are likely to put us, the relationships they will probably bring us, the activities they will demand of us,—the years to come cast their shadow upon us while we are at college and determine in some degree our conduct here. So, as college is not continuous, neither is it fundamental.

Nor are the conditions of a college community complex. One feels here like the soldier in the battalion; everything runs along parallel lines. Most of the people we meet are of the same age. All are, with reference to college, pursuing the same ends in the same way; their activities are governed by the same rules; their thoughts are trained along the same lines; their standards of college judgment are practically the same. The only essential differences that one meets arise from individuality and bias bred of early training, and the influence of college is far more likely to level such individuality to a common type than to increase and strengthen it. It is probably because of this congeniality that one makes such good friends. There is here, therefore, little chance for real experience. The influences that can be traced to college, great and good as they are, are such as arise out of study and friendship and unity of purpose; the three things that are found in college to the best advantage, because they are freed from all possible incumbrances and interferences.

That these influences are very valuable in our life-growth will be seen a little later when a few of the most important are enumerated. But the college years themselves do not contain any marked growth, except—we certainly hope along intellectual lines. Great growth may come during these college years through the experiences of trial or sorrow, but such are not due to causes of college origin.

Without being continuous or fundamental, without complexity or inherent growth, college does not possess the attributes of a life. Nor does it possess the essentials. College stands for a set of physical and intellectual conditions wholly external to the individual. It is no hidden

power. Whatever power or individuality these conditions may have is given them by the lives of those who come into contact with them; but withdraw the individuals and the college is dead. It is a set of corporate activities that flow from many individual lives. It has no power in itself, nor has it life. These conditions were in existence before the individual was born and they will continue to exist after she has severed connection with them forever. The life of the individual was a power before it ever felt any of the influences of college conditions and will be a power after it has separated itself from them entirely.

What, then, is the relation between the two? These two independent streams, one of hidden vital power, and one of physical conditions, come into touch with each other at certain periods. What is the result? On the side of the college, the conditions may undergo some alteration as the result of the life that has been connected with them. On the side of the life, these conditions are experiences through which life has passed, which have left their influence on the hidden power and have contributed to its development and growth. Through its studies, college has deepened and broadened life by giving to the individual the power and inclination to think, and by opening her eyes to see things in their true perspective. It has enriched and strengthened life through the friendships the individual has here formed, through the enthusiasm that has come to her out of the unity of college aims. And it has brought much more into her life in ways so subtle that she may not perhaps recognize its presence for some time to come. But when all is said, when we have rendered to our college the acknowledgment of the gratitude we owe, even while we yet stand under the shadow of her mighty strength, we are forced to confess that college is a set of experiences, that it is not a life.

Is this a sad confession? Do we feel that these four years have, after all, been in vain? I think not. I think that they must assume a deeper significance for the future, if we recognize in them an integral part of our life, than if we think of them as an entirely separate existence into which we have journeyed and that is, though from it we have brought some few treasures, but a memory, over which time will cast film after film until it remains with us only as the faint shadow of a dream. These years are our eternal inheritance, not distorting life by standing out in the glare of a false dignity, but blending their shadow and their sunlight, their glory and their strength in the beauty of

“That untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever.”

MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEON.

Commencement Day

Tuesday, June 23



Commencement Exercises

College Hall 10.00 A.M.

Orator, BLISS PERRY, L. H. D.¹

Collation

Alumnæ Gymnasium 12.00 M.

Alumnæ Meeting

Chemistry Hall 4.00-6.00 P.M.

Class Supper

Students' Building 7.00 P.M.



Class Supper

Tuesday, June 23, Students' Building, 7.00 P. M.

"The time when men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper."
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Scene 1.*



LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE, *Toastmistress*

I. The College and The Faculty RUTH STEPHENS BAKER

"How hast thou purchased this experience?
By my penny of observation."
—*Act III, Scene 1.*

Freshman Class History MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS

II. Butterflies and Bookworms ELIZABETH JACK

"The epithets are sweetly varied."
—*Act IV, Scene 2.*

Sophomore Class History ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

III. Senior Dramatics HELEN FLORA McAFFEE

"Full merrily hath this career been run."
—*Act IV, Scene 2.*

Junior Class History ESTHER CONANT

IV. The Wise and The Foolish LUCY WEBB HASTINGS

"At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's newfangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows."
—*Act I, Scene 1.*

Senior Class History EDITH NAOMI HILL

V. The Class of 1903 MARION EVANS

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright."
—*Act IV, Scene 3.*

Freshman Class History

JUST between you and me and the door-knob we must have seemed a rather ordinary class at the beginning of us. When in the fall of eighteen ninety-nine we entered Smith College, we showed no striking characteristics of any kind,—we were not remarkably large nor remarkably small, we were not even distinguished by an “unprecedented spell of weather.” There was the usual number of subdued and hopeless freshmen, the usual number of fond and anxious parents; there was the usual bewilderment about registration and course cards; the usual amount of weeping, the usual amount of rain.

Neither was our first appearance as a class, at the Freshman Frolic, in any way extraordinary. It is enough to say that we conducted ourselves as new-made freshmen should. Towed about by friendly upper class girls, we admired everything from the Gymnasium to the Glee Club singing; when asked how we liked college we replied from our three days' experience, timidly yet enthusiastically, that we thought it was “just lovely,” and we listened with shy pleasure to the song which informed us that we were “as green as we could be.” Yes, we were model freshmen.

At our first class meeting, however, we showed a little more individuality. To be sure we got all balled up in Parliamentary law, and found some difficulty in disentangling ourselves, to the huge delight of the grind-hunting sophomores, but here for the first time we displayed that absorbed interest in the concerns of our class, that intense earnestness and determination on the part of every member, which have always characterized our class meetings and made them so lively and entertaining.

At the Sophomore Reception even the sophomores acknowledged that we behaved like little ladies. We expressed our pleasure at the arrangements they had made to entertain us, their little jests at our expense we received with courteous appreciation, and we displayed such deftness and moderation in our removal of the decorations that it was hard to understand how the gaping mouths of over three hundred Memorabilias had been filled.

Having thus favorably impressed our fellow students, we settled down to win the hearts of the higher powers. How we derived the pleasing consciousness I know not, but before Christmas we were able to assure each other with becoming modesty that "the faculty liked our class."

Our first experience of the sportive joys of Mid-years was a little wearing, but not overwhelming. Some of our comrades indeed fell from the ranks, shot to the heart by some deadly missile from the office, but the majority of us bound up our wounds and charged gallantly on, not too badly disabled to furnish our fair share of noise and enthusiasm to the rally on Washington's Birthday, or to win the banner in the Gymnastic drill.

And now I come to a part of our history in which I shall have to make use of the hitherto unknown word defeat. In our basketball game with the sophomores we were beaten, that is the bare fact of the case. But shall we be content to accept the bare fact,—we, who all through our college course have been trained to look behind facts to their significance, to see things in their coinnections, to judge events in relation to their attendant circumstances? Perish the thought! To us, fresh from the aforesaid training that day when our team fighting against the discouraging consciousness that the game was going against them, pushed up a score the highest but one that had ever been made by a freshman team,—to us, I repeat, that day will always be one of the brightest gems in the well-filled jewelry box of 1903.

And now, to descend from arms and the hero to softer themes, I come to spring term,—spring term when all the world is young and all the trees are green, when the voice of the June bug is heard in the land, when we all go about brazenly wearing in our hair next year's supply of apples for the Campus houses. But how can I describe in Carter's Koal Black Ink on Bridgman's theme paper what should be written in tints of the rainbow on the petals of roses? I can do no better than take the words of that dear old standby in the long ago days of required elocution:

Have you seen our apple orchard in the spring, in the spring,
Our college apple orchard in the spring?

* * * * *

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring.
Half the beauty, wonder, glory of the spring.

And if you have, why then you forget that you were ever homesick or blue or worried, and say goodbye to Freshman year, glad from the bottom of your heart for the three years still ahead.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

Sophomore Class History

GO to the English Department."

"The English Department has already made three contradictory statements upon the subject!" "We can't get at the English Department." "The English Department doesn't know anything about it, or if it does, it won't tell."

Somehow or other we got our course-cards made out—Bible, and 3b, and the elusive English 5—and found time to pull ourselves together and make sure that we were producing the correct effect upon the freshmen. We ourselves had been reasonably fresh the year before, and now that we were sophomores we didn't mind admitting it. In our new role, however, we made up our collective mind to combine dignity with enterprise, and impress those freshmen with the fact that after all size was not everything.

Those freshmen! There is no denying that in some respects 1904 was a class of infant prodigies. Something or other—possibly the attraction of gravitation—assisted an enormous number of their prep-school compositions into the *Monthly*; and the newspapers announced confidently that the average height of the Smith College freshman was six feet. They started out well by ornamenting faculty seats in chapel, and by inviting prominent members of that body to occupy the floor. As to us we became gradually and painfully aware that we were quite beneath their notice. They were so offended at not being allowed to take part in Fair Smith's twenty-fifth anniversary that most of them went home at the time in high dudgeon. We, on the contrary, arrayed ourselves in the hard-won produce of Wash Lady's Lane, and made Northampton for once really attractive.

But the freshmen returned in time to attend their first ball. Notwithstanding their disappointment when they discovered on this occasion that the "grinds" that we had been collecting for weeks were not to appear in the *Monthly*, they had the time of their young lives, and listened awe-

struck to the strains of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, realizing that after all there was a difference between sophomores and freshmen. Having gotten the Freshmen off our minds, and having assured President Seelye that we could look after the college perfectly well while he was away, we proceeded to distinguish ourselves generally. The faculty were so impressed with our Bible papers as to demand personal interviews with the authors. We showed a fiendish ingenuity in eluding the knife of the vivisector, which towards Mid-years became epidemic in our midst; and at Mid-years themselves we displayed such a wealth of imagination and such a brilliant inventive genius that our dazed instructors marked us—as far as we know—“D” all around. The rally was only another opportunity for us to show what stuff we were made of. It goes without saying that we had the best songs. Class spirit ran high, and its demonstrations were so striking that we finally became the envied of all by eliciting from those in authority a gratifying and appreciative remonstrance.

But the climax of our glory came at the Great Game. The decorating committee did, to be sure, find themselves hampered by the resolution that had apparently passed the 1904 class meeting: that each detail of our green and yellow decorations should be faithfully reproduced upon the opposite wall in purple and red. They were finally outwitted; but in another matter it did look as if they were coming out on top. With unprecedented foresight they had appointed a committee to make sure that the faculty should wear nothing but purple; and certain weaker brethren had reluctantly succumbed. But in the solemn hush preceding the taking of the annual portrait of our feet and ankles, in walked our Dean having rendered himself adorable with a large rosette and streamers of green.

From that hour our victory was assured. Invoking the aid of the mighty Jabberwock, on whom we have never yet seen cause to go back, we rushed into the arena, and after politely yielding the first basket to “the little strangers”—six feet tall,—we proceeded once again to impress 1904 with the fact that it is quality and not gymnasium weight that tells. At the close of the first half we generously expurgated our songs so as not to wound the sensibilities of the “under dog,” and therefore may

be pardoned the smile in which we indulged when our friend, the enemy, not being quite sure what had hit her, burst out dispairingly,

"Oh, who will bury 1903?"

No one offered to undertake it and we ourselves merely remarked, "It's waste of time to try and beat the Sophomores." That made 1904 mad and she retorted, "Arrah, go on! you're only fooling." They knew this must be clever and original for it was just what 1902 had said the year before. But we had an answer ready even for this, and later demonstrated triumphantly that we had more than one point in common with General Washington.

We looked for great things from spring term; and we got them at the rare moments when neither the faculty nor the weather bureau was interfering. The drill was a pretty fair beginning. The freshmen decided they would like the banner. We were getting to consider "those freshmen" fairly endurable since the little episode of the Game, but we didn't love them quite enough to let them go on imagining that they could do everything that we had done in freshman year. So after much cogitation as to whether it would be really seemly for us to take both the cup and the banner, we decided that as 1901 was the tree on which the fruit of our heart hung, we would let them have the banner as a parting souvenir, and keep the cup ourselves. This adjustment seemed to satisfy all immediately concerned.

But life was not all beer and skittles even in spring term. The very skies were mourning the departure of 1901, and it began to be murmured that bathing suits would henceforth be *de rigueur* for recitations. Again, the faculty, recognizing at last that literary genius which has always been the distinguishing mark of 1903, woke up in the night and cried for more Bible papers. We rebelled. We had but just received back our estimate on David's poetical ability and the results of our investigation concerning the Messianic Hope, carefully annotated with the doctrinal views of the English Department, and the Bible Department's comments on our literary style. But we supposed that of course it would be useless to try and persuade the faculty that we didn't write so very well after all, and meekly fed the insatiable maw that ironically named itself *Elective Themes* with mathematical but ambiguous analyses dealing with St. Paul's

power as a letter writer. Then the madness of despair assailed us, and we cut lunch daily, and at the door of the persuasive English Department put in practice our well-trained faculties of standing in line—that one definite principle discoverable beneath the vagaries of our institutional life. The Department was scornful. Write a Bible paper? Whatever had put it into our heads that we had to write a Bible paper? Hadn't the faculty anything to do but read our Bible papers? What was a Bible paper, anyway? Get along with us! Well, it was too bad about the Old Literaries.

Another blight that descended upon us was the knowledge that we might do nothing to prove our affection for the Seniors. But though 1902 feted them to the best of its ability, ushered their guests and carried their well-earned laurel chain for them, they knew well enough who their friends were. We worked off our heart-ache on the Prom decorations, and likewise our awful grief at the awful blow we were obliged to inflict on 1904, by reason of the request made us to voluntarily decide that it was beneath the dignity of 1903 to rough-house the freshman picture.

But the clouds, literal and figurative, soon vanished before the dazzling rays of the exam-week searchlight. Dear old faculty! As ever they were better than their word. With a child-like clutching at the joys of the present, we had elected to undergo our 3b examination at Mid-years. But though we hated to trouble the faculty by begging for another, we found that they had read our inmost thoughts. So a beautiful warm day was selected, and we entered joyfully into the spirit of the little twenty-minute ceremony, congratulating ourselves that we had said such choice things in our Mid-years papers.—The faculty are no doubt a justifiable institution, but at times they are a little uncertain in their movements.

It is supposed to be the duty of the Sophomore historian to write the obituary of the Seniors. But why? We shall never forget 1901. How could we forget Dramatics, and the glance of Petruchio's eye, or that angelic snowy throng of Ivy Day, kodak-plagued? We gathered their daisies and bade them goodbye—and hard it was just as we were really learning to appreciate them! And then we realized that we were doomed to follow them ere long—were we not now “upper-class girls”?

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

Junior Class History

YES," nodded the Jabberwock as he curled his tail into a figure three on the grass, "there was practically nothing that that class couldn't do."

At this the dusty little creature flung down its lion-skin jacket from the apple-bough over the speaker's head, (for the day was a warm one), the Hare squatted down near by, and the Unicorn stopped poking holes in the ground with his forehead. The Jabberwock was older than the others—had seen a bit of life—and they loved to hear him tell of his youth.

"Where were we?"

"At Fytte the Third," promptly replied the Owl—he was all agog for the story.

"To be sure, to be sure," murmured the Jabberwock, gazing off over Paradise then presently—as turning he saw sympathetic tears in the little Owl's eyes, "many's the tale I've told you, young people, of how I used to swing gaily in the Gymnasium, championing successfully game after game of 'Odds' against 'Evens,' while my heart swelled with the noble praise sung up to me on the rafters. *That* you know was fine, but of all good times give me back those of—" "Fytte the Third," enthusiastically completed the Hare, jumping up. "Sit down, Bunny," replied his senior, "Don't be crushy!"

"To begin with—the class had a regular 'blow-out' in the Gymnasium along in February, that year, over which, of course, I was asked to preside. There were lion-tamers, rope-dancers, snake-charmers, and many other attractions. Doughnuts and cider were consumed in amazing readiness, free libations to everyone. It was strictly a family affair, just myself and the class—but we had a dandy time. No one can doubt the success of our parties, for in the springtime the class gave another.

"Of course it was in the Gymnasium, but you would never have guessed it. Say rather—in a Caterer's heaven, for all around the walls hung

draperies of green and white, so suggestive I could almost smell the mayonnaise. My! but I had hard work keeping away from the trimmings! In the afternoon they played a lively game on the back Campus where the ladies by slight of hand slipped pink cards under tables, immediately receiving in return ices for self and partner, above board. There was no prize, indeed I forget who won. Anyway, the name of the game begins with an 'S'."

"A sell," suggested the Unicorn.

"M-m," mused the Jabberwock, "longer than that." Whereupon he took out his diary and ran his eye over sundry initials in the margin of the fly-leaf—"B. P.," "A. O. H.," "G. D." and others.

"What's that?" interrupted the Owl, flying down to where a sheet of paper lay on the grass, "Why, it's Grandpa Lion," said he, picking it up, while the others crowded around him.

"Fell out of my coat-tail pocket. I was about to have it framed," said the Jabberwock. "He gave it to me as a parting present,—his senior picture, you know," he added, carefully brushing it off and replacing it in his coat-tail pocket. "He was a fine bird, too, that year; I remember what a fine time he and I had together at a little dance once."

"But I mustn't forget to tell you how my class went to see Miss Jordan."

Here the Unicorn chuckled, for he appreciated the inference.

"Yes, they went to see her, because she had told them they must write argument papers, and they wanted to know which side of the argument to take, and get to know her better at the same time. So they took their luncheon and went early. Oh! she had scribbled notes to most of them, so they felt very informal and not in the least afraid of staying some little while there. They had a very nice time, and someone took their pictures, though I have never seen the proofs. It makes me very proud to think how fond the faculty are of that class.

"There was a certain Psychologist who took great interest in them. One day he told them that for a long time he had been noting something strange about them. Their sense of humor at times seemed sadly lacking; at others unwontedly acute."

The Hare looked fearfully shocked. "Brace up and be an Emblem; it'll come out all right," assured the Unicorn kindly.

"Oh, it was all right after the trials," continued the Jabberwock.

"Trials!" echoed the rest.

"Yes, the professor told them that they suffered from internal psychological disturbances, and that they must go on trial and be examined. It took nearly a week. After one or two had been investigated and dismissed I found out that they were changing into Seniors!"

"Whee-u!" said the Owl, shivering.

"'Are you a Senior?' was on the breeze from morning to night," continued the Jabberwock. "'No, but I shall be after tomorrow at eleven, if I'm lucky,' was the common reply. On the whole they got safely through, although some, seemingly well conditioned, were placed on lower grade than those of more puny fame—"

"Don't be funny, Jab!" cut in the Hare getting it back at him, "remember you're a Senior bird now. Tut-tut," and he raised one ear.

"More than that," laughed he of the Green, "I'm everything one can be in college."

And though the others thought him frank to say so, they couldn't deny it.

ESTHER CONANT



Senior Class History

WELL, we have been and gone and done it, and now four grand years of college are over, according to that costly bit of parchment we received this morning. We are inclined to think that this last has been the best of all the game, therefore we insist on being seniors, *the* seniors, for just one night more.

I suppose Senior History really began with our first class meeting, and if I were so inclined I might make a neat topical outline of the events of the year. But being opposed to topical outlines, for obvious reasons, I am going to browse along with the Jabberwock at my own sweet will.

When we came back last fall things were not as they used to be on the Campus. Out there where our perfectly good tennis courts used to be, was a thing, a structure, a building—nay more—a Students' Building. Do you—can you—realize that you have lived to see your fairs, your vaudevilles, and your money actually converted into brick and stone, and called the Students' Building? It is the real, real thing, “all wool and a yard wide”—“just about.”

There was a time in the fall when wild rumors were afloat. The impressionable and the pessimistic had visions of a desolate Campus, and cold, empty buildings; everybody having departed in a half congealed condition to the bosom of her family. Some may have preferred the thoughts of home without coal, to those of college with none, but we, the Seniors, cried, “No, we will have our Senior year intact,” and one brave little band of fourteen struggled along with what coal they could buy with their pocket money. At times we recited in rooms at a temperature of forty degrees, but after all we didn't mind particularly, and the Economics class was greatly indebted to that strike as a never-failing fund of illustration for every known problem in Economics.

Soon came the meeting at which we discussed dramatics, and here my pen fails me. Never can I hope to do justice to the scintillating

wit, the knock-down arguments, and the thoroughly Parliamentary character of that meeting. The question was a momentous one. Should we, or should we not, repeat? The solution was—"1903 repeat? Perish the thought! We will take the one and the only remaining Shakespeare play,—*Love's Labour's Lost*—the play that Mr. Young and the faculty have thrown at seniors for years, and we will do it so well that those other classes will be green with envy. We will therefore elect an invincible committee and all will be well. Do we regret our decision? Well—far be it from us to boast, but we have seen what we have seen.

All too soon Mid-years were upon us. We were told to make it a jolly, sportive week. Unfortunately it rained. Otherwise who can doubt that we would have frolicked out in the bright sunshine from dawn till dark?

There were two great days, in one week, and the first was Washington's Birthday. We had a grand rally for our last one and we showed the rest of the college how we had grown wise with years. Did we stand up and get pushed? Indeed and we didn't. We sat comfortably on our tiers of seats and sang down to the others:

"Seniors are far above you, Seniors are first
In work, and play, and song."

We had reserved seats for "Everyfreshman," which we approved of in spite of the horrified discussions as to the sacrilegous tendency of the college which soon came.

As to the game in the afternoon. They say Seniors need never dream of winning. Ahem! "We always do the winning, the winning, the winning." Those who know say that 1903 has the best senior team they ever saw. We congratulate them on their perspicacity.

Hardly had the other classes recovered their composure when they were allowed to see us exhibit our prize drilling. We were few in number, but select, and determined to win out or drop gym, both if possible. I believe that some strange, envious under-class girl was heard to remark, "Hum, the scum of the class." At this preposterous statement one of the scum replied pointedly, and with some wit, "Yes, scum usually comes out on top." "Ha, Ha," cried the class, "never did you speak a truer

word." And the scum was carried in a mighty wave of triumph around the gym.

Presumably every senior class has its trials with the front seats in chapel, but never class before had our excuse. No longer do rows of admiring freshmen flank our jaunty exit, for they have risen in the world. As for the choir, never a glimpse can we get of our young friends without craning our necks most painfully and most ungracefully. Thus it was that the front rows were almost always unoccupied. But one morning after Mid-years all was changed. The front rows were filled to overflowing by some of our brightest stars. People were shaking them frantically by the hand. What was there left for these girls to go into? Nothing my friends, but this history, where they are saluted as benefactors of the college at large. Because, forsooth, the A's shall be D's, and the D's shall be A's, and the system of marking shall be no more hid. We knew we should get into the heart of the office by hook, or by Crook.

And so the days slipped by until concert time came and another glorious success for 1903. Meanwhile our dramatics was a kind of under-current to everything. The committee went around looking as wise as owls,—(not red). People, hoards of people, sauntered carelessly in and out of the Students' Building, which we were dedicating, and it was surprising to see what an interest the other classes took in the architecture of the building about this time; apparently none of them had noticed it before. Finally in a theoretically short class-meeting we, too, were made wise, although the mobs were still to be chosen. Trying trials those were, but in due time damsels short and beautiful and willowy and husky walked among us.

We half expected the office to call "April Fool" on us when we departed on April first, for how that so-called long winter term could be gone was a question that any one of us would have cheerfully flunked in an exam.

When we came back just a little time ago, figuratively wrapped up in commencement clothes, we knew we were on the home stretch. And now why linger on this our most beautiful spring term? The grass has been greener than ever before, and we all know why. The sun has shone brighter for 1903, and the heavens have wept only occasionally when

thinking of our departure. We have done everything with all our might, hoping that in some mysterious way this thing called commeneement might never come. But now, even 1903 can put it off no longer.

We should be content. Everybody has been "crazy about" us since the day when the sophomores tried to identify themselves with our freshman picture, and failed, to this moment when we know that every under-class girl in college is dying to be here with us, and when even our energetic Junior Ushers must leave 1903 alone in its glory. We used to sing a song when we were freshmen. The arithmetic won't bear examination when sung now, but the sentiment is the same as ever.

"This one class of 1903
Equals as you must see
All of the rest combined."

And they do see, all those who must live without us next year. We must try not to make it hard for 1904, and 1905, and 1906. They would be like us if they could. 'Neath a bushel must we hide our light. We must keep it dark

And yet when all is all is said and done, here by ourselves, we know,

"We've made our mark,
We can't keep it dark,
Glory to 1903."

EDITH NAOMI HILL



Verses



Ode for Washington's Birthday



WIELDER of every nation, Thou whose breath
Out of Oppression's dust still quickenest
New peoples for Thy pleasure, Thine today
Be thanks for him who set us on our way,
Bearing his crown of praise undimmed to death!

Still doth he love the folk
He rescued from the yoke,
Inspire the virile line on whom his mantle fell;
They, with its might endued,
Faced sudden needs, pursued
Long purposes; through such, God guides our country well.

Stern sons of war, calm-browed men of peace
Their chieftan's joy have hastened forth to claim,
And one by one, strong from their sharp release,
Three martyrs, coronalled in crimson flame,
Have sought him in that star
Where kings and heroes are,
Leaving the benediction of a reverend name.
Unto the first of them that bore the blood-red crown,
That soul of many sorrows, spokc the father of our land:
"How hath thy hand
Weilded the power thou hast today laid down?"

"Our free-born state lay whelmed in blood and tears,
Thou father of the nation;
I warred for her we love past threats and fears,
Strove for her honor many bitter years,
With sword and supplication:
Now, smitten as to death, her struggles cease.
Ay, thorns for victor crown and gall for winc
Hath this bruisèd land of thine.
'Peace, peace!' they cry. God knows there is no peace!
The sword indeed is sheathed; the grevious wounds remain.
Shall this be all in vain?"

Answered he who bore his crown of praise undimmed to death,
Ceasing not his labor with his mortal breath,
 "She shall not die;
Yet must her peace be wrought out of strong pain;
Her honor from the knowledge of her stain;
And *Miserere* must prelude her triumph-cry."
Once more a sanguine aureole burned its way
 Up through the night of space:
"Father, I ruled them but a day,
And could not turn them from their evil way,
So soon, so soon one raised his hand to slay—
 May God vouchsafe him grace!
The old wounds heal not, novel factions rise;
Contentious voices clamor to the skies.
 God pity this, our race!"

Then answered he whose pure and righteous fame
 Shall not decrease,—
Seeing the glory shine beyond the shame,
Hearing through strife the promise of great peace;
"Fear not; God shall not fail the folk He set His hand to save;
He hath not freed his people to bring them to the grave!"
 At dawning of the century
 To grace a nation's jubilee
 Cometh a well-loved chief;
 From all the land
They throng to press his hand.
Suddenly over the joyance shivers a sound of pain;
 "He is slain, is slain!"
Silent are envy and slander, fled is lust of gain,
And a nation, bowed with a sudden mighty grief,
 Pleads for his life in vain.

To the star of heroes and kings,
Where the nation's father stands,
 A heart-felt grieving
 For a sister's bercaving
 Swells up from many lands,
But all through the star of heroes and kings,
 On its paths of vivid air,
 Sweep long flashings of luminous wings,
 Circling everywhere,
For unto the star of heroes and kings
A mailèd angel escort brings
One more to whom is given to wear
 The crimson crownal fair.

"Render thine account, O steward, of the trust that hath been thine!
These my people, hast thou eared for them,
Thought and fought and toiled and dared for them,
Only in their glory sought to shine?"

"Harkning even to thy people's will, O father of our nation,
I have left their hands untrammeled, to work out their own salvation,
Curbing still the indignation that would rush on war too blindly;
Yet have they proved themselves unkindly,
For their greed of gold is great,
Great their scorn and spite and hate,
White and Black and Jew and Gentile, met within one liberal gate.
Fain to be both just and lenient, have I let them go astray?
They who hastened to the succor of a land less blest than they,
Hath the earlier selfless spirit of their conflict passed away?
Light-won triumph, hath it nourished thirst for blood and lust for war?
Doth thy gift, the pride of freedom, urge their self-will on too far?
Judgment, Sire, who sittest ever in the calm of this sure star!"

Answered he who day by day
Laid down his life, as one that ransometh
A soul beloved, our freedom's priece to pay,
His crown of praise borne on undimmed to death:

"Friend, hadst thou ruled less well, thou wert not slain;
Thy hand, both firm and gentle on the rein,
Hath wrought with power such as brute minds disdain.
Such could not see the State's long-riven soul
Under thy touch grow whole;
Calm and contained, thy men to them did speak
A passive heart and weak;
They knew not, he who rules his spirit well
Must needs have first subdued the hosts of Hell!
Nay, more; behold, thy death a nation frees
From soulless lives and eyes all earthward turned;
Devoutly have thy stricken people mourned
Amid the moaning of their many seas;
They have not yet arisen from their knees,
Grieve not for them, a strong and worthy hand
Doth guide thy land,
And urge her onward toward that Destiny
Thou didst foresee!

"Now is she waking from her primal sleep
To learn the meaning of the former day;
Her prophets cry from deep to girdling deep,
'The night hath passed away!
Awake!' they cry,
O, ransomed land thine is a mission high,
Such destiny as nation hath not known since time began;
To shape the dream of centuries, the Brotherhood of Man!"

"Nor do they cry in vain,"
Spoke the sire again,
"Our nation shall ascend all heights of time,
Not without pain—
Ever more eagerly she seems to climb,
And ever draws she nearer that sublime
Nation of nations, glorious grown and free,
God's final purpose for our earth shall be
Enwrought in thee!
Lo, in thy veins the blood of every race,
On thy vast plains an ample dwelling-place,
And boundless promise in thy glorious face!
For perfect manhood here shall be combined
Of them of every land;
Each race shall yield her best; best body, spirit, mind;
Best heart and head and hand;
Aye, all that prophets see but dare not say,
And every hidden thing
That poets sing,
Within thy gracious borders God shall find,
Nation of nations, in that blessed day
For which all peoples pray!"

Wielder of every nation, Thou whose breath
True life in all Thy people quickenest,
Our humble-hearted thanks to Thee we pay
For him whose name we honor here today;
For him whose crown of praise Thy hand
Preserved undimmed to death!

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

Where the Mighty Rest



I am the ocean, cold and gray,
And I roll from shore to shore,
Breaking upon the silent beach
Now and evermore.
I am the ocean green and hungry,
I am the mighty deep;
I roll o'er endless sandy bottom,
And endless watch I keep.
To the world a merciless face I show,
Yet gentle and kind the breast
Of the rolling, tossing ocean wave
Down where the mighty rest.

I am the rocky mountain-pass
And I cut the hills in twain,
Sundering height from sister-height,
Once and yet again.
I am the valley, cold and sterile,
I am the grim defile,
I wind 'mid endless barren ranges,
'Mid endless gloom the while.
To the world a rugged face I show,
Ye gentle and kind the breast
Of the valley set among sentinel-hills
Down where the mighty rest.

I am the world of sea and desert,
I am the world of woe,
Wandering on through realms of space
As the aeons go.
I am the green and hungry ocean,
I am the grim defile,
I am the desert silent and burning,
I am—through an endless while.
To men a pitiless face I show,
Yet gentle and kind my breast,
For I am the mother of all at last,
Down where the mighty rest.

LILIAN ELIEL LAUFERTY

A Ballad of the Barley



Oh, the fields of Crumsheithe are fair and fine,
Tall blows the barley,
Lying so green in the glad sunshine;
Where the wind is swaying the barley.

And the heir of Crumsheithe fair to see,
Tall blows the barley,
Is wooing a maid of low degree;
And the wind breathes low in the barley.

Then out spoke his father angrily,
Tall blows the barley,
“Give up thy lowly-born love!” said he;
Whistles the wind through the barley.

“Or it shall be that tomorrow morn,”
Tall blows the barley,
“I will not pay the barley-eorn;”
And the wind eries shrill in the barley.

“Then the barley-eorn thou need’st not pay,”
Tall blows the barley,
“For mine own dear love is mine for aye.”
And the wind sweeps strong o’er the barley.

And so it was that on rental day,
Tall blows the barley,
That the fields of Crumsheithe passed away;
And the sad wind sighs in the barley.

He led his love to a cottage low,
Tall blows the barley,
He kissed her lips and her brow of snow;
And the wind sings sweet in the barley.

"For the fields of Crumsheith fair and fine,"
 Tall blows the barley,
 "I care not a barley-corn, sweetheart mine;"
 And the glad wind laughs in the barley.

And the old lord looked from his castle-door,
 Tall blows the barley,
 Over the fields that were his no more,
 And the wind moans low in the barley.

But the fields so fair he did not see,
 Tall blows the barley,
 "God help me, I've lost my son!" quoth he;
 And the wind sobs deep in the barley.

Oh! the fields of Crumsheith are fair and fine,
 Tall blows the barley,
 Lying so green in the glad sunshine,
 Where the wind is swaying the barley.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS

Genius to Her Poet

Thou canst not be the child of solitude,
 For thou must break thy bread and share thy meat
 With him, thy brother. Barred is all retreat.
 Thou canst not gather berries for thy food
 And dwell a dreamy hermit in the wood,
 Among the hurrying throng of anxious feet;
 Thy soul must wander on Life's dusty street,
 Thy eowl, that of the human brotherhood.
 Behold the giver of thy power is God,
 Half thine inheritance he gave thee when
 I kissed thy brow. When thy path is trod
 He will demand thy perfect portion. Then
 Know this thy answer,—"Here thy gift, Oh Lord,
 And here what, as a man, I earned with men."

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

Daffodil

So long, so long since the summer died,
And the last warm wind went home!
I ought to be happy here, I know,
Under the great white smother of snow;
The peach-bud isn't allowed inside,
Shivers out there where the wind sweeps wide,
Under the cloudy dome—
But I want to hear the robin sing,
Mother Earth, is it almost spring?

Mother dearest, you can't have guessed
What I'm saving up for you.
You'll see my brown into green unfold
And soon a wonderful star of gold
Will come shining out of the green! Your breast
Is warm, and of course you know best
What daffodils ought to do!
But I'm certain I heard the robin sing!
Mother, isn't it almost spring?

Just supposing I came up now,
Would you really be vexed with me?
Would you really try to look cross and frown?
If you saw me slip out of this coat of brown?
And I'm not quite sure that I know just how,
Oh, its something you never would allow,
But I do so want to be free!
And I'm sure if I came the robin would sing,
Oh Mother Earth, it *must* be spring.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

My Inspiration

The ceaseless striving toward the things that count,
The wish for all that noble is or great,
The longing for the power that men call Fame,
To reap success before it is too late,
I strive for these not for my self alone,
I care not to be famous, to be wise,
Save as your vision spurs me on, and I
Dare all to read approval in your eyes.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK

Edwin Booth

From his deep eyes into the world looked out
The pain and woe of all the tragedy
That lives in Shakespeare's many-peopled realm;
He bore their sorrows on his tender soul,—
The sorrows of them all, but not the sins.
He wrote in flames again upon the age
The genius that in by-gone years had lived;
And yet through years that gave to Art his life,
He lived and loved, not Actor, but a Man;
Nay, more; unselfish, courteous, true, and kind,
He lived—a Gentleman.

ANNA THERESA KITCHEL

At Close of Day

The day is done.
The sun, in all its farewell radiance bright,
Has kissed the rugged mountain-tops good-night,
And slowly, slowly vanished from my sight;
For day is done.

The twilight comes,
With tender step, and slowly lingering feet,
She comes from far off valleys, dim and sweet,
To sing a lullaby through lane and street,
Thus twilight comes.

Across the hills,
She throws the purple shadows, one by one,
Then covers every field, and flower, and stone,
Until the world no longer seems my own,
Within the hills.

Where she has trod,
The blossoms all are wrapped in slumber deep;
The little birds have closed their eyes in sleep,
And from the heavens the stars a vigil keep,
Where she has trod.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER

Poppy-Boats

When the sun hangs low in the heavens,
And the shadows of evening creep,
A poppy-boat fleet comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep,—
From the island of dreams comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep.

And down the long lane of slumber,
When night falls dewey and sweet,
The souls of the sleepy children
Come running with eager feet,—
The little white souls of the children
Come running with eager feet.

And down to the shore they hasten,
And a poppy-boat waits for each,
To bear it away to the island
The day-world never can reach,—
To the beautiful far-away island
The day-world never can reach.

For those that are early, poppies
All crimson and scarlet wait,
But faded and brown the flowers
Of the little souls that are late,—
All withered and drooping the flowers
Of the little souls that are late.

Oh, be the boat brown and withered
Or a crimson-dyed cup of light,
I fain would sail with the children
To the island of dreams tonight.—
With the pure little souls of the children
To the island of dreams tonight.

Come, lead me, Spirit of Slumber,
With the mystical eyes and deep,
Down to the poppy-boats rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep,—
To the poppy-boats dreamily rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS

The Master of the Sea-wind



I hold the lash of the winds in my grip,
The long, gray, ruthless lash,
That swings the doom of many a ship,
And the luck of the sailor rash.

I shun the shores of the captive land,
I must ride where the sky is free,
For I guide the tameless winds with my hand,
The winds of the open sea.

I drive the clouds before the blast,
And the waters leap at my call,
For the future I care not, nor for the past,
Nor where my hand doth fall.

To roam forever at will is life;
To laugh with the heart of the sea,
To rouse the waves to a fierce, mad strife,
This is joy to me.

HELEN FLORA McAFFEE





Songs for Basketball Games and Rallies

TUNE : "Fair Harvard"

The days have sped by and the years have rolled o'er,
And we've come to be Juniors at last;
And we wonder wherever the time has all gone,
Those many bright days that are past.
And we think with delight of those mad Freshman
hours,
Of the freaks and the pranks we outgrew;
How we ever survived all that Bible and Lit.,
Is a wonder that's every day new.

But we're safe in the harbor of Junior delights,
With a whole precious year yet in store;
We don't envy the Seniors one wee little bit,
Who must feel that so soon 'twill be o'er.
Then listen, dear Freshmen, and hearken ye Sophis,
For what we are telling is true:
1903 is the chuss, jolly Junior's the year!
We wish just such a bright one to you!.

Medley

[Tune, "Good Morning, Carrie"]

Good morning, Freshmen,
How do you do, this morning;
Been dreaming about you
For several years,
We're not just talking,
We think you're corking
With one exception,
You have no peers.

[Tune, "Coon, Coon, Coon"]

Nineteen-four,
Don't you wish your color would fade—
Nineteen-four?
We like a lighter shade;
1904, we'd ask you just once more
Doesn't green look better than
The purple of 1901?

[Tune, "Good-bye, Dolly"]

Good-bye, Seniors, you must leave us,
Though 'twill break your hearts to go,
College still can run without you,
Though you may not think it so.
Still we grieve to see you leave us,
For good sports you've been and true.
Good-bye, Seniors, don't forget us,
Good-bye, 1902.

[Tune, "We're Civilized"—Chorus]

We're 1903; yes, 1903,
The finest ever,
Surpassing clever,
Undying fame goes with your name,
And it always will be just the same.
(All whoop.)

We're 1903, yes, 1903,
All classes fear us,
None can come near us,
We're 1903, oh don't you see?
(Paster)
None surpass

The perfect class of 1903.

TUNE : Chorus of "Strike up the Band"

Cheer for our team,
Freshmen aren't in it,
Wave high the green,
We're sure to win it.
To 1903
We'll loyal be,
We'll never flinch, for every inch
We're Sophomores!

Freshmen, play hard,
Don't stop for crying,
No one's debarred
At least from trying
To win the game;
But you'll exclaim
'Tis waste of time to try to beat
The Sophomores.

TUNE : "Mary had a William Goat"

There was a class called 1903, 1903, 1903,
There was a class called 1903,
Who played at basketball.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
They played at basketball.

And they had a ripping team, ripping team, ripping
team,
And they had a ripping team,
The captain she was James.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
The captain she was James.

The other guards were Marion, Marion, Marion,
The other guards were Marion,
And great Kitchel, too.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
And great Kitchel, too.

In the center, Benny, Jess, Benny, Jess, Benny, Jess,
In the center, Benny, Jess,
And Tindall jumped like fun.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
And Tindall jumped like fun.

Then the homes were Beecher fine, Beecher fine,
Beecher fine.
Then the homes were Beecher fine,
Parker, too, and Clement.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
Parker, too, and Clement.

Where are the poor Freshies now, Freshies now,
Freshies now,
Where are the poor Freshies now?
Blessing 1903.

Whoop te doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
Whoop te doodle doodle doo,
Blessing 1903.

TUNE : "Blooming Lize"

1906

Needn't think that all that's red is bricks,
Sighing,
Crying,
Homesick—"nearly dying."
What an awful mix!

1906.

Now's the time to drop such infant tricks.
But you won't be to blame, dear,
At the game dear,
1906.

TUNE : "Blooming Lize"—Continued

1905,
Pretty near the finest class alive!
Daring,
Tearing,
Everybody staring,
Nobly do you thrive,
1905!

To win the game you need not madly strive,
All will still be lauding,
All applauding,
1905.

1904—

Not so much but what you might be more;
Stately,
Lately,
Condescending greatly,
Thinking all adore

1904.

Prods, indeed, you reckon by the score;
But your purple beast, dear,
Cover up at least, dear,
1904.

1903.

1903's the only class for me!
Merry,
Very,
Athletic, literary;
"Act?" Oh, you should see!
1903.

Her love's labor lost can never be—
Brighter than the sun, girls,
She's the only one, girls.
1903.

1903 Medley

[Tune, "EL CAPITAN"]

Oh, we are 1903,
Just notice our independent air,
Our team in the game's beyond compare,
Come match us if you dare!

[Tune, "STARS AND STRIPES"]

For James is our captain so fine,
And she leads us to sure victory,
And our glory shall never decline,
For we'll

[Tune, "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"]

Play, play, play in the gymnasium,
Beat, beat, beat the Freshman team,
For we play a game that's fair,
And the college all will stare,
When they see the rattling play of

[Tune, "FINICULI, FINICULA"]

Naught-three, naught-three, class of 1903,
Where e'er we come we make things hum,
We're sure to beat where e'er we play,
Good people all please notice this,
The way we play today.

The Jabberwock[*Tune, TALE OF A KANGAROO*]

Invincible in splendor,
The glory of the flock,
Our champion and defender,
Behold the Jabberwock!
He knows we'll never shame him,
And chortles in his glee,
Whene'er he hears us name him,
The pride of 1903.

In class-room we are glorious,
And likewise in the gym,
In basketball victorious,
And all is due to him.
Oh! Unicorn and Lion,
In you we take no stock,
The bird we have our eye on,
It is the Jabberwock!

Oh! loyally and proudly
We wave the grand old green,
And loyally and loudly
We sing where'er is seen
Invincible in splendor
And chortling in his glee,
The Jabberwock, Defender
And Pride of 1903!

TUNE : " My Ann Eliza "00
01
02
03

Though we are only Freshmen,
Find math a task,
Yet there's one little question
We'd like to ask:
Don't you think even Sophomores
Have to agree,
Naught-nought, Naught-one, and Naught-two
Equals Naught-three?

CHORUS

So let us sing again
That which seems very plain,
Though it may give you pain,
'Tis true you'll find,
This one class of Nineteen three
Equals, as you must see,
All of the rest combined.

TUNE : " There's a Tavern in the Town "

There was a class called Ninety-nine, Ninety-nine,
Who waved the green once on a time, on a time,
In basketball she battled with the red,
And though but Freshmen, stood ahead.

CHORUS

Now again the green is soaring,
And the hon red is roaring,
And again the basketball is high in air, in air

Then wave your banners all ye will, O Nineteen-
two,
We fear there is no hope for you, hope for you,
For the green shall wave and again victorious be,
So Rah! Rah! Rah! for Nineteen three!

That we should happy be there's none that blame--
that blames!
For have we not for Captain James, Captain James?
And the whole fine team, just the finest ever seen.
For one and all they wear the green!

TUNE : " Tramp, Tramp, Tramp "

You have left us, 1901, but we're thinking still of you,
Tho' you've sought your happy homes so far away;
So we'll try to sing your praise, since its all that we
can do,

How we wish that you were with us here today!

CHORUS

1901 just hear us singing!
Yours in heart we'll ever be,
And where'er the green we raise
You will hear us shout your praise,
And you'll glory in the fame of 1903!

You are with us, 1905; and it's proud of you we are,
As we see the dear old yellow waving high
From basketball to Livy you are certainly a star,
And we'll love you and defend you till we die!

Cho.—1905, just hear us singing! etc.

TUNE: " Boola Chorus "

Oh, 1903, dear 1903,
The best class Smith has ever seen!
Oh, 1903, oh 1903,
We sing to you and to your green!
You are as fine as fine can be,
And proud of you are we,
So give three cheers for dear old Smith,
And three times three for 1903.

CHORUS

1903, 1903, 1903, 1903,
You will never find her equal,
1903, 1903, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Oh, Smith College,
Oh, Smith College,
Oh, Smith College,
Oh, Smith College,
Give three cheers for old Smith College,
And three more for 1903.

Oh, 1903, dear 1903,
Thy praises always shall we tell,
Oh, 1903, oh, 1903,
In everything you do so well,
Your basketball team's far the best,
And that's no merry jest;
So we cheer the team and dear old Smith,
And give three good cheers for 1903. *Cho*

TUNE : "Boolah Chorus"—*Chorus*

Oh, 1903, dear 1903,
Then wave your banners with a will,
There are no stars upon the green,
For of stars the class has got its fill.
George Washington might safely say,
The brightest stars are they.
So give three cheers for the stars and stripes
And three for the stars of 1903.—*Cho.*

Oh, 1903, dear 1903.
It's mighty proud we are of you;
Oh, 1905, oh, 1905.
Your loyal friend we'll be and true.
Odd numbers lucky are they say.
We've proved it's quite that way.
So give three cheers for the luck of the "odds."
May it grow even better every day.
1905, 1905, 1905, 1905.
You will never find her equal,
1905, 1905, Rah! Rah! Rah! etc.—*Cho.*

TUNE : "Dinah"

Seniors, we give you greeting,
Your time to coach is fleeting!
Look out, or else the Sophs we'll soon be beating.
Here's to Noughty-nought!

Juniors, we love you madly,
We would be like you gladly,
And hope that we will not disgrace you sadly!
Here's to Nineteen-one!

Sophomores, you'd better fear us,
Though you don't like to hear us!
In class or in the gym you can't come near us!
Here's to Nineteen-two.

Freshmen, there's nought can quell us!
Can anybody tell us?
If there is any class that can excel us?
Here's to Nineteen-three!

TUNE : "Little Cotton Dolly"

Once there was a Freshman class
That entered old Smith College.
Naughty-three!
Went there purposely to get
What's called by some folks knowledge.
Naughty-three!
When she'd been there just a month
She found she'd made her mark,
All the faculty observed
That each girl was a shark!
Bright in every study,
Ever ready for a lark!
Naughty-three.

CHORUS

Rah! Rah! now set her praises ringing,
Make the hills around prolong the sound.
Send her up a cheer, girls, let all join in the singing,
Naughty-three's the best that e'er'll be found.
Rah! Rah! now fill her up a bumper,
Drink to her a health that's full and free,
For Naughty-three's a daisy,
You'll never find her lazy,
She's the only class for me!

TUNE : "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

Come sing to the class that of all is best,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Ye girls of the north, south, east and west,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Come, wave your banners all about,
And with your whole hearts gladly shout,
Glory and praise forever to 1903!

You may look if you will o'er the whole wide world,
Hurrah, hurrah!
You'll find at the top is our green unfurled,
Hurrah, hurrah!
'Tis surely true she's of classes queen,
So wave aloft all your banners green,
Glory and praise forever to 1903!

She's first in work and she's first in play,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We love her better from day to day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Through all our life she will stand our friend,
So shout, ye girls, till your life shall end,
Glory and praise forever to 1903!

TUNE : "Whistling Rufus"

There once was a class called Ninety-nine,
A very great class were they;
And because we know they are so fine
To them we sing today!
They wore the best color ever seen,
The best in the whole wide world,
And to Ninety-nine and to their green
We wave our green unfurled!

Oh, Ninety-nine! oh class so fine!
Oh, Ninety-nine! our green was thine!
Oh, Ninety-nine! Oh, Ninety-nine!
Oh, Ninety, Ninety, Ninety, Ninety-nine!

There is a class called Nineteen-one,
A very great class are they,
A class full of energy, go and fun;
To them we sing today!
They wear the yellow, bright and clean,
And brilliant as the sun!
We love it because it goes with green,
And because it's Nineteen-one!

Oh, Nineteen-one, oh, glorious sun
That lights the college, oh, Nineteen-one,
Oh, Nineteen-one, oh, Nineteen-one,
Oh, Nineteen, Nineteen, Nineteen, Nineteen-one.

And there is a class called Nineteen-three,
The very best class are they;
So with voices glad and free
To them we sing today!
We love the yellow, bright and fair
We wave to Nineteen-one,
But the green we'll still fling high in air
Till all our life is done!

Oh, Ninety-nine, we think thee fine!
Oh, Nineteen-one's our glorious sun!
But Nineteen-three, here's love to thee,
To Nineteen, Nineteen, Nineteen, Nineteen-three.

TUNE : "And The Band On"

A year or so past there arrived at old Smith
 Little Naughty-three.
She made a sensation unparallelled quite,
 Little Naughty-three,
The Sophomores were mad and the Juniors were glad,
And the Seniors turned purple to see
That the faculty pet and the choicest one yet
 Was young Naughty-three!

We made a sensation, we're making it still,
 Dear old Nineteen-three.
We're the finest that ever came over the pike,
 Dear old Nineteen-three!
The Juniors they fear us, the Seniors they love us,
The Freshmen they faint when they see
What a tearing, old daring, old corking old class
 Is our Nineteen-three!







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1900 — 1901

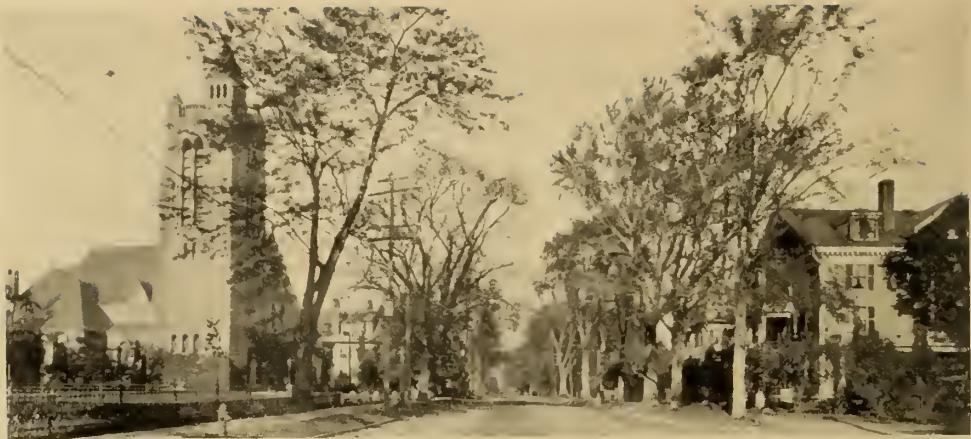
"To Serve for Meat and Fee"	Tyler House
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1901 — 1902

"The Cricket on the Hearth"	Sarm Ganok
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1902 — 1903

"The Lord of Braunfels"	Washburn and Tenney Houses
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TUNE : "Pop Goes the Weasel"

Darkness follows in my wake
I'm the prince of night,
When they think I'm coming round
Out goes the light !
In these days of honor codes
Few the names I write,
For at ten or thereabouts —
Out goes the light!

When they dance within the Gym
Later than is right,
I'm the one they must obey,
And out goes the light !
I'm the one that breaks them up
All their meetings bright—
What care I how much they beg ?
Out goes the light !



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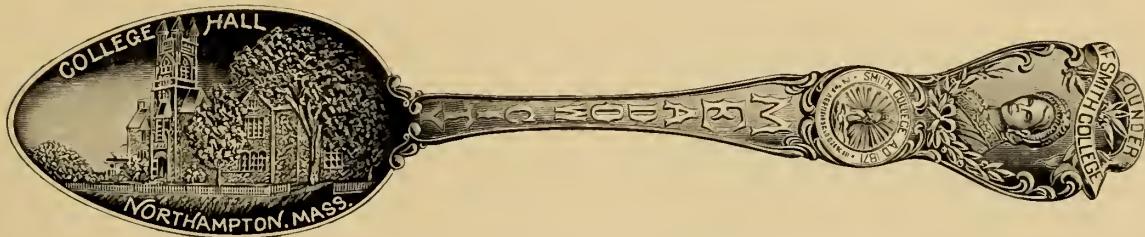
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